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The Outlook

Volume 140 August 5, 1925 Number 14

Fundamentalism at Washington

TO the surprise of everybody, we have a Federal law cut, if not from the same piece of cloth from which the Tennessee anti-evolution law was fashioned, at least by the same school of tailors.

Dixon Merritt, of The Outlook's editorial staff, recently explained the passage of the Tennessee law, in the words of a lawyer of that State, by saying that "the Legislature did not know it passed the fool thing." The public may have taken this explanation with a grain of salt. It is hard to believe that a legislative body can do a thing like that without knowing it. Yet here is apparent confirmation. Congress has twice passed a provision, applicable to the District of Columbia, quite similar to the Tennessee law, and neither Congress nor the public knew anything about it until a few days ago.

Both of these laws are anti-evolution laws in the minds of the anti-evolutionists, who are responsible for them. The Tennessee law prohibits the teaching in schools supported by State appropriations of any theory which contradicts "the divine story of creation as told in the Bible." In the judgment of anti-evolutionists, the thing prohibited is the theory of evolution. The Federal law prohibits the payment of salaries from public appropriations to school officials who permit to be taught "disrespect of the Bible." In the judgment of the anti-evolutionists, the thing prohibited is the theory of evolution.

Whether this was the purpose of the author of the provision does not appear from the record. There was practically no discussion of it. Offered as an amendment to the District of Columbia Appropriation Bill, it was passed in the House after brief and perfunctory statements by Summers, of Washington, the author, and Blanton and Connolly, of Texas. It went to the Senate late one afternoon when the number of Senators on the floor was small. Some of those present went home, as is usual when District legislation is brought up. The bill passed as it came from the House. Congress as a whole had no conception of what it had done. A year later, when another District of Columbia Appropriation Bill was to be passed, the provision of the old bill was picked up mechanically. Congress still did not know what it had done.

An Atheist Complains

NO Scopes had arisen in Washington to insist upon losing his salary. But, following the conviction at Dayton, a Government clerk, Loren H. Wittner by name, secured a rule against District fiscal officers requiring them to show cause in court why they should not be enjoined from paying the salaries of Frank W. Ballou, Superintendent of Schools, and W. P. Hay, head of the Department of Biology. Thus the question will come to a hearing in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia unless Corporation Counsel Stephens is successful in his efforts to avert another Dayton scene by finding fatal flaws in Wittner's petition.

Wittner, avowed atheist, is not a friend of the law. He believes that Congress is trying to fetter the schools, and it is his purpose to bring the law before the courts in the hope that it will be declared unconstitutional on the ground that it seeks to make an establishment of religion.

The little provision which is the cause of all this does not look particularly dangerous. Here it is:

> *Provided,* That no part of this sum shall be available for the payment of salaries of any superintendent, assistant superintendent, director of intermediate instruction, or supervising principal who permits the teaching of partisan politics, disrespect of the Holy Bible, or that ours is an inferior form of government.

Perhaps not even Wittner wishes to see disrespect of the Bible taught in the schools. There could be no valid objection to that clause were it not for the fact that the anti-evolutionists insist that the theory of evolution does inculcate disrespect of the Bible. If the atheist had not brought the proceeding, a Fundamentalist probably would have.

But it is difficult to discover any source from which Wittner will receive support. Certainly the Fundamentalists are not anxious to make common cause with an avowed atheist—and they could not if they tried. His effort is to overthrow the law, and theirs would be to sustain it. It is equally certain that scientists are not going to make common cause with Wittner. Scientists do not wish to see disrespect of the Bible taught in the schools.

Then, too, the forces of the law are not aligned in the Washington case as they were in the Tennessee case. The criminal proceeding in Tennessee forced the officers of the law to contend that to teach evolution is to violate the law and the Bible. The injunction proceeding in Washington has the effect of putting the officers of the law in the position of contending that the teaching of evolution is not violative of either. If their contention is sustained, there will remain in the Federal law little that can be strenuously objected to, except that it is indefinite and probably useless. This thing which Congress did not know it passed is even more indefinite than the thing which the Tennessee Legislature did not know it passed. But it may give the courts an opportunity which the Tennessee case did not seem to offer—that of passing upon the question whether or not the theory of evolution is antagonistic to religion.

The Sweep of the Law

NO matter what the result of the Wittner injunction proceedings may be, Washington will be the scene of an effort by the Fundamentalists to secure enactment at the next session of Congress of a general law barring evolution from the schools.

The anti-evolutionists are enamored of the phraseology of the Tennessee law. They pin their faith to a provision prohibiting the teaching of any theory which contends that man descended from a lower form of life. They are ready to copy from the Tennessee law also the phraseology of application. The law, if they could secure its passage, would ap-

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ply to all schools supported in whole or in part by Federal appropriation.

Such a list would include all schools of the District of Columbia, Alaska, and our island possessions, the United States Naval Academy, the United States Military Academy, and most, if not all, of the State universities—the citadels of scientific research and teaching. Most of the State universities received their endowments mainly from a grant of public lands made by Congress in the middle sixties. They are supported in large part by Federal money so cemented into their very foundations that they could not relinquish it if they would. The Smithsonian Institution, one of the greatest agencies for scientific research in America, is also supported largely by Federal appropriation.

An effective Federal law patterned after the Tennessee law could be a serious if not an insurmountable obstacle to scientific progress in the United States.

There appears no room for doubt that such a bill will be introduced. Such a draft was made at Dayton during the Scopes trial. The statement has been made that it was presented by Walter White, Rhea County superintendent, to two Tennessee Representatives, each of whom declined to have his name connected with it. But some Tennessee Senator or Representative may be found to sponsor it. The Fundamentalist vote in Tennessee is considerable. It is not certain that the entire delegation will have scruples against capitalizing the by-products of the Dayton trial. But, even if they have, a champion can be found.

Representative Upshaw, of Georgia, was originally looked to as the logical leader of such a fight, but he has announced his belief that such legislation should be left to the States. He said, however, that his views might be changed. Blanton, of Texas, on the other hand, is not worrying about States' rights and has announced that he will support an anti-evolution bill.

The effort will be made. That it should be successful seems to us most unlikely.

Neither Logical nor Profitable

THE last Congress increased postal rates in order to get larger postal receipts, so that the Postmaster-General could balance his books and boast that his Department paid its own costs. No other department does this; and there is no sound reason why the Post Office of the country should do it. Its mission is not to make money, but to serve and educate the people.

What followed? The other day Postmaster-General New before the Congressional Joint Postal Committee reluctantly admitted that postal revenue in certain classes where the rates were raised has fallen. Private postal cards cost twice as much to send as before, but not so many are sent. So also with the newspapers and periodicals mailed by individuals or firms. So also with many things once sent by parcel post, now sent by express.

It is an economic axiom that the way to increase receipts is to decrease price or rate of service. One great historical example of this was seen in the enormous increase of the business done by post when Rowland Hill carried through the idea of penny postage.

When the new Congress takes up the question of reducing taxation, it should consider the lesson to be found in the illogical (and apparently unsuccessful) attempt to make the whole people pay in postage "all the traffic will bear," instead of making the postal system do its utmost to encourage the dissemination of knowledge and unify the interests of the country by interchange of information.

The Santa Fé Trail

A LITTLE over a hundred years ago the outriders of our civilization found their way through the land of the Osages and the hunting-grounds of the Comanches, Kiowas, Arapahoes, Cheyennes, Apaches, and Blackfeet, and marked out the great trade route called the Santa Fé Trail. When you ride eastward or westward in luxurious Pullmans over the route followed by these hardy pioneers, do not forget to doff your hat in tribute to the men who marked the way. In next week's Outlook you will find the story of the Santa Fé Trail, an amazing and romantic chronicle of courage and endurance.

No Surrender

APPREHENSION has been caused by the announcement that reorganization of Federal prohibition enforcement machinery, originally scheduled for August 1, has been postponed until September 1. Fear has been aroused that the real meaning was not postponement, but abandonment of the new and vigorous enforcement plan of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Andrews and continuance of the inefficient, slipshod, politically dominated old method.

So far as we can ascertain after fairly diligent inquiry, there is no ground for this fear. It appears certain that General Andrews has postponed the effective date of reorganization in order to make certain of securing the right kind of men for the important administrative positions. This is no easy task, even with the additional time he is taking. Political interference has not ceased. Efforts have been made at Swampscott to have President Coolidge withdraw his support of the Andrews plan. But these efforts, apparently, have completely failed. Announcement has been made from Swampscott that General Andrews has a free hand. None the less, the politicians who keenly feel the loss of patronage will continue their efforts to have their own favorites selected for the important positions. The additional time for making selections which General Andrews has given himself will enable him, not only to weed out the undesirable applicants, but to put reorganization into effect in all of the districts at the same time instead of progressively, as was originally planned.

Still another advantage in the delay is that it affords opportunity for co-ordination between the Treasury Department, whose duty is to detect violations, and the Department of Justice, whose duty is to prosecute violators. Heretofore there has been woeful lack of such co-ordination. The Department of Justice has in many cases indications of inefficiency or corruption on the part of enforcement officers in the field which would never have come to the Treasury Department. The two departments are now comparing notes, and the information in the hands of the Department of Justice will be used by General Andrews in deciding upon the appointments to be made.

Another advantage to be gained by

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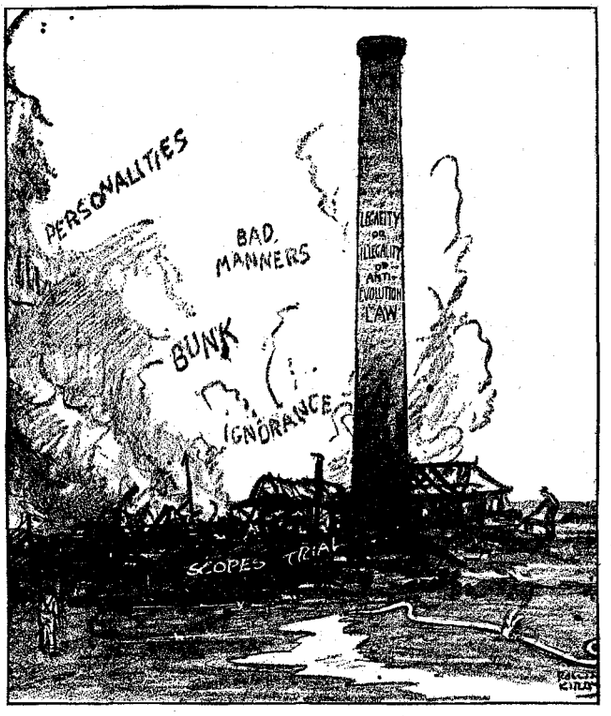
Think on the Tower

(Richard III, Act V, Scene 3)

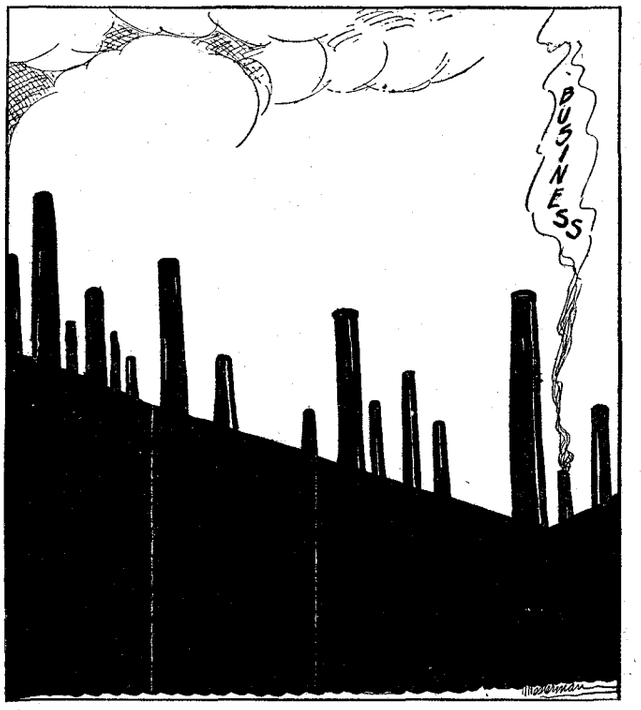
Rollin Kirby in the New York World



The only thing left standing

From W. E. Shafer, New York, N. Y.

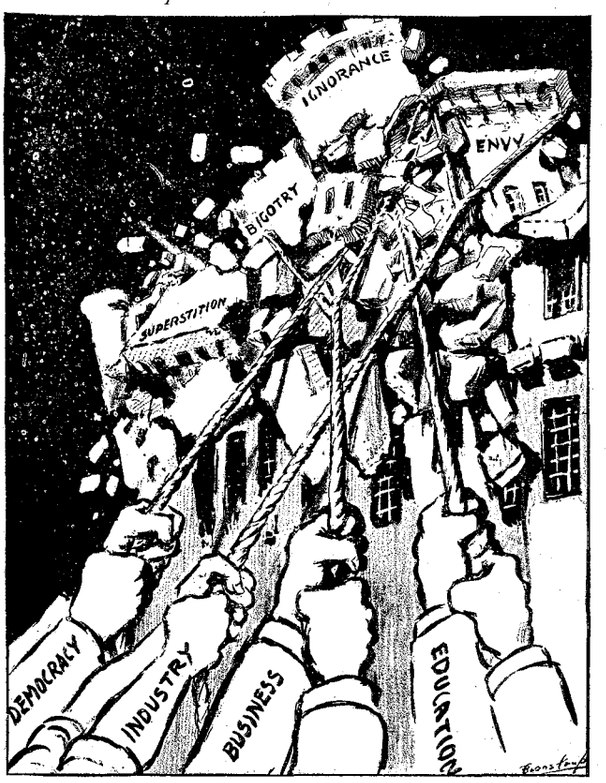
Westerman in the Ohio State Journal



Will evacuation put smoke in the smoke-stacks of the Ruhr?

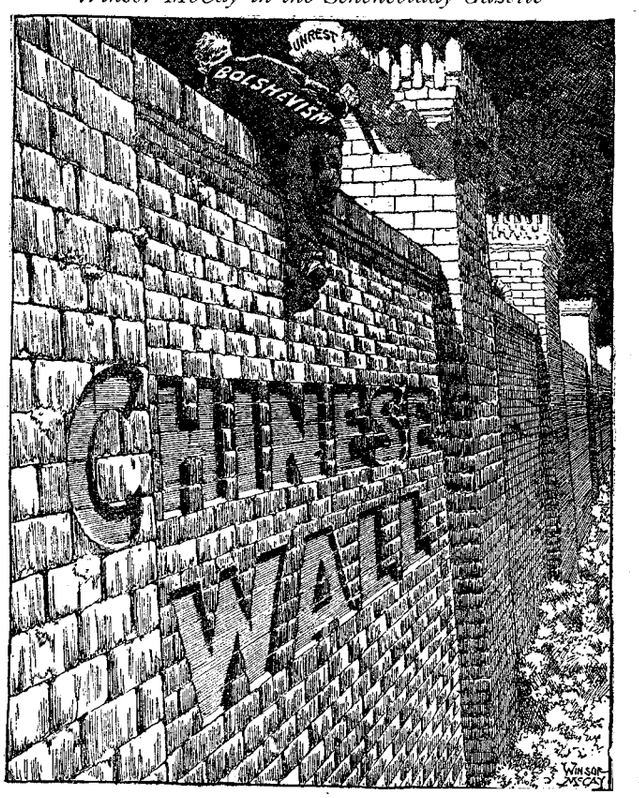
From A. J. Drugan, Columbus, Ohio.

Bronstrup in the San Francisco Chronicle



World's bastilles coming down every day

Winsor McCay in the Schenectady Gazette



Trying to start something

From M. J. Morrison, Schenectady, N. Y.

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going at reorganization more deliberately is adjustment of the difficulties arising from the transfer from collectors of internal revenue to prohibition enforcement officials of duties pertaining to the issuance of permits for the manufacture and use of industrial alcohol.

On the whole, there are good reasons for believing that, provided Congress gives adequate support, the best possible effort is now to be made at enforcement of the Volstead Act. When the plan of General Andrews has been in operation for a while, the Government and the public will know whether or not the provisions of the Volstead Law are enforceable. It will be remembered that President Wilson vetoed the Volstead Bill largely on the ground that the difficulties of enforcement were insuperable. They may not actually be so, but they are unquestionably great, and it is undoubtedly true that enforcement officials and others have shut their eyes to failures in enforcement rather than admit this fact.

The day of going at enforcement with closed eyes is apparently ended. If the law as it stands can be enforced—and it probably can—it will be enforced. If the law as it stands cannot be enforced, light will be thrown on the proper method of amending it.

Coal Talk, Hard and Soft

No agreement nor sign of an agreement between operators and miners in the anthracite industry was in sight up to July 28.

To be sure, there was still a month to elapse before the expiration of the old contracts, and it is possible that Governor Pinchot may again intervene, as he did in September of 1923 after the miners had gone out. There is also the possibility that, even if the contracts are not renewed by September 1, there may yet be an agreement that work will be continued during further negotiations, although the miners now oppose this.

There is a growing feeling that the present disorganized and almost desperate condition in the bituminous industry is in the minds of the anthracite negotiators. The unions in both industries are affiliated in the United Mine Workers, and the head of that organization, Mr. Lewis, is general-in-chief of the miners in both the soft and hard coal negotiations. An article by Mr. Helm in this issue of The Outlook throws light on this aspect of the controversy.

One of the things the public is entitled to as the third party in the coal trouble is a plain statement from the anthracite labor leaders of the reasons why they flatly refuse to consider all suggestions of arbitration and openly say that they would sooner strike than arbitrate.

It looks at this writing as if neither operators nor miners were at all worried about the results of an anthracite strike —it is the coal consumers who are worried. One result of a strike would probably be the calling of a special session of the new Congress and an effort to pass a law giving the President powers to deal with the matter. Such a law has been recommended by two National commissions.

With August the soft-coal question will come still more to the front. The situation has been described by Mr. Mark Sullivan in his newspaper correspondence as follows:

> Mine after mine in the unionized fields has closed down. Union miners have gone to the non-union fields, sometimes changing their names in order not to impair their union standing. . . . The whole bituminous territory is in chaos.

The summer is passing in languid and diplomatic talk about coal, hard and soft. What is needed is less talk and some action.

The English Coal Crisis

If the one and a quarter million British coal miners carry out their unions' threat, the first week of August will see the coal industry at a standstill. The leaders of the workers have not stated definitely the terms they will accept nor have they declared a strike, technically speaking; they have told their men to stop work and wait until acceptable terms are offered them.

Four years ago, when the last great coal strike in England took place, the unions depended for success upon their "Triple Alliance" with railway and transportation workers and upon the threat of nationalization of the industry. But their allies shrank from the enormity of a combined strike that would tie up all business; they did not dare take the responsibility; and the country refused to look with favor on the nationalization idea. After three months the men went back to work; the Government (that is, the taxpayers) provided £10,000,000 to set things going, and a system of sliding wages was hopefully adopted.

Meanwhile neither profits nor wages have slid up. We have to-day the same threats of a mammoth industrial strike, now by a "Quadruple Ailiance" (the engineers as the fourth ally), and of agitation for Government ownership. As we pointed out last week, England's coal exports have fallen off; even her internal coal sales have decreased; German miners take less pay and work longer hours, the English miners refuse even to discuss a longer working day than one of seven hours. The general lack of employment in England is another factor. Altogether, the problem is harder than that of 1921.

The only outcome seriously discussed (barring actual surrender by one or the other of the combatants) is a more or less disguised governmental subsidy, made less offensive to the taxpayers by being presented as a temporary expedient in tiding the coal industry over a difficult period and assisting British coal to compete in foreign markets without the necessity of reducing the miners' wages.

It is hard to see the difference between this expedient and a frank acceptance by Great Britain of the necessity of a protective tariff for British coal. What reason is there to believe that the present situation will be temporary?

But England has a way of "muddling through" strikes as well as wars, and before this is read a "get together" compromise may have been found. The London "Times" truly and sensibly says that the coal industry is a sick industry and cannot be cured by a thrilling victory on either side.

The Little War in Africa

The French, under the advice and guidance of General Pétain, have made progress in consolidating their position in the Riff. This was obviously the first thing to do, for so long as there was constant danger of inroads by Abd-el-Krim in those districts not actually held by the French there were bound to be local outbreaks, and thus the French were continually checked in their attempt to come to close quarters with the enemy. Marshal Pétain said, it is reported, that the war might last six months.

It is quite probable, however, that the Riffians may long before that time see that it is desirable to accept reasonable terms of peace, especially as Pétain's

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meeting with General de Rivera in Morocco indicates some united war effort between France and Spain. Abd-el-Krim has informally declared that he demands independence for the Riff country with a nominal recognition of the Sultan of Morocco as overlord, but what seems to be essential, from the point of view of permanent peace and a cessation of the constant danger of outbreak, is some kind of a recognition of the right of Morocco, France, and Spain to have a controlling hand in other than local and tribal affairs in the Riff. The probability of this being brought about seems stronger now than ever before. Until it takes place there will be no guaranty against raids and aggression.

The difficulties of this little war are shown by the fact that up to July 17 the French casualties were reckoned as over 4,000 and the character of the warfare is indicated by the statement that, while over 650 of the French are missing, it is believed that Abd-el-Krim has not more than thirty French prisoners, and that the rest of the "missing" are dead. It has been said in some despatches that the Riffians are aided by German officers, and in particular by Major von Tannenburg, who was a prominent member of General Mackensen's staff in the Great War. On the other hand, the French expect to have the aid of some skilled and experienced American aviators, members of the famous Lafayette Escadrille.

Uncle Sam Goes A-Visiting

THE Pacific Fleet has found a warm welcome in the ports of Australia. Both in Sidney and Melbourne the American battleships were extended the most cordial hospitality. The bluejackets and their officers have apparently played their true rôle of American ambassadors with high credit.

A shipping strike in the Australian ports gave our sailors a chance to learn that democracy even in the antipodes is not without its difficulties, and there seems to have been some indication that a few of our sailors gave the Australians an opportunity to observe that Jack ashore is always Jack ashore. It does not appear, however, that there was anything more than the customary exchange of courtesies between the inhabitants of the Australian water-front and the loose spenders of the fleet.

One Australian paper, "The Truth" of Sidney, is surprised to discover that the American Navy "is composed of youngsters instead of big, broad-shouldered, deep-chested sailormen." The traditional sailor of romance and fiction has long since vanished from our ships-of-war. Our Navy is not manned by men who seek a permanent career in the fo'c'sle. In the main our ships are manned by young men seeking a chance to observe the world and learn one of the trades which are so essential to the management of a modern battleship. It does not take a hairy-chested sailor to throw an electric switch. Keenness of mind is more essential to a seagoing mechanic than the physique of a Liverpool packet rat. In a fluid industrial society such as ours sailors who use the Navy as a stepping-stone to a better job ashore must necessarily constitute the largest element in the naval forces.

"The gobs do not impress us," "Truth" concludes. But they may be good sailormen for all that.

William Jennings Bryan

ONE quality in Mr. Bryan's character was dominant. It determined his career. Beneath it were submerged all his other traits. This guiding quality was his native simplicity.

He was probably the least sophisticated of American public men. He was at the farthest remove from those spirits that are perplexed by the mystery of life and by the multitude of opinions and points of view. He never understood those who are impelled to study the world of men and things about them by insatiable curiosity. He was not interested in anything with which he was not familiar. He saw life as uncomplicated, for he ignored its complications. Anything that was not clear to him he treated as untrue.

This native simplicity was the source at once of Mr. Bryan's weakness and of his strength. It rendered him incapable of understanding the profounder problems of life, whether they were problems of politics and of society or problems of the individual soul; but it made him understood of the people and kept him childlike in spirit.

When he burst into public life as a National leader, it was to deal with one of the most difficult and complicated public questions that can challenge the mind of a nation. He saw farmers and others of the debtor class involved in grave difficulties due to low prices. Being himself a product of an agricultural region, he understood the hardships which they were enduring. It was clear to him that the cost of the debts which they were obliged to pay was mounting because the price of the things that they had to pay those debts with was falling. The solution to him was equally clear. The scarcity of money causes prices to fall, and the abundance of money causes prices to rise. Therefore, he concluded, there was an evident cure for the ills of these people, and that was to make money abundant. So he advocated the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one of gold. This proposal was so obvious to him that he could see no difficulties in it except those offered by the willfulness or selfishness of his opponents. There were bimetallists who recognized the difficulties and opposed the Bryan solution because they saw in it consequences of evil far greater than any possible benefits. It is safe to say that Bryan was less capable of understanding these than he was of understanding the more simple advocates of gold monometallism. During all that campaign of 1896 he probably did not enlighten one voter; but he stimulated by his oratory the emotions of hundreds of thousands and made them feel that the question on which they were to vote was as simple as a choice between light and darkness. He could not see the effect that his proposal would have upon international relations or any other of the grave difficulties involved. It is to the credit of the American people that they proved themselves more discriminating than this engaging man.

Likewise in the next issue which he raised he saw a very simple question. The United States had become a nation because it had asserted the right of independence. Therefore to him it seemed plain that what it had claimed for itself the Nation should freely grant to others. The politicians of the Philippines had been agitating for what they called "independence." To refuse them their request Mr. Bryan thought monstrous. It was very simple to him, because his mind was incapable of considering anything but simple questions. He was not interested in the differences between people who had inherited centuries of experience in constitutional government and people composed of widely differing tribes with an inheritance partly Asiatic

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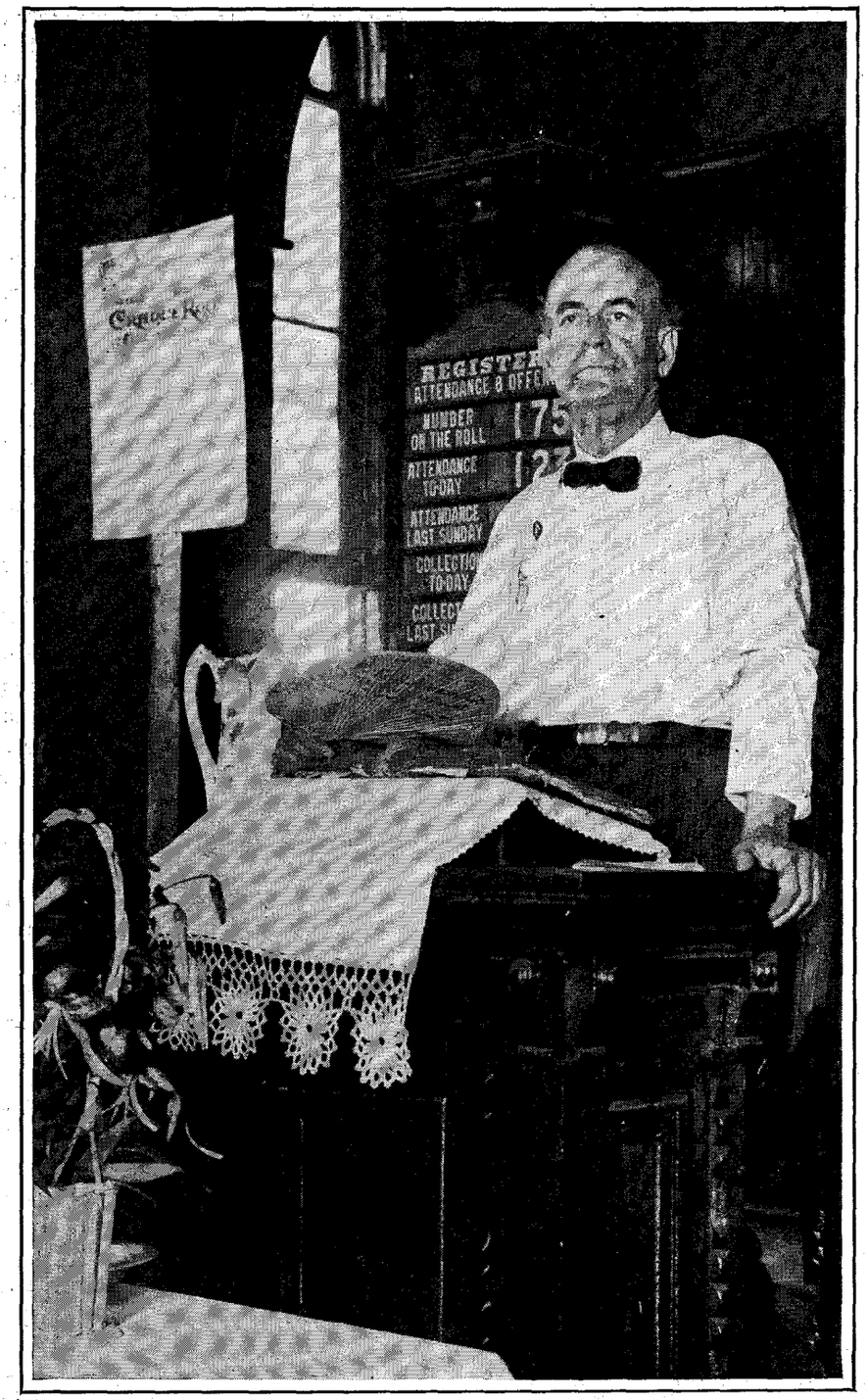

Wide World Photos

William Jennings Bryan—one of the last pictures taken of him at Dayton, Tennessee

and partly Spanish. He was not interested in what would become of a people intrusted to the kind of politicians that flourished in the archipelago. He was not interested in the difference between American political leaders and the Filipino *cacique*. These and other considerations complicated the question, and therefore he ignored them. Again the American people proved more discriminating than he.

When the war came on, he looked upon it with a naïve mind. To him this gigantic contest between the greatest nations of Europe was nothing but the slaughter of men. War was killing, and killing is wicked. So his sole interest in the war was the interest of one who wants to stop the slaughter and restore peace. He did not understand the issues involved; he did not comprehend the causes for which men were willing to lay down their lives. He did not wish to know what the war was about, for all he wanted to do was to see it stopped. And when it became evident that America could no longer remain indifferent to those human rights which were invaded by the Central Empires Mr. Bryan, Secretary of State, withdrew from office, for the American people saw more deeply into the problem than he did.

So throughout his career every question came to him as one without complications. Here, for example, was Santo Domingo, a little country for the time being dependent upon the United States. All that he saw there was an opportunity to supply places for "deserving Democrats;" and he thought of that not ironically, as the phrase might seem to imply, but seriously; for he thought that the Democrats that he put down there, however unfitted for their task, were deserving. Indeed, he did not understand enough about the complexities of the problem to consider even the question of the fitness of his appointees. So he faced the question of the liquor trade. Here he saw a great evil or group of evils produced by a single form of business. The solution was to his mind perfectly simple—make the trade illegal. The point is not whether the solution that he saw was a wise one or not; it is that the only solution that he saw was a simple one. He did not consider the questions that the abolition of the liquor trade was bound to produce. That this is true was proved by the comparatively slight interest that he took in the very complicated problem of enforcing the prohibitory law.

As in all his public relations he brought to every question a naïve mind, so he brought a naïve mind to intellectual problems and questions of personal life. Science to him was too complicated to be interesting. As he said himself, Christianity as he conceived it was good enough for him, so he was never interested in studying other religions, and never interested even in studying Christianity as conceived by others. Of course he was not interested in biology, and he did not pretend to know anything about it. And to him likewise religion offered no complexities. It was as he saw it an unquestioning belief in certain doctrines, and particularly in the doctrine that the Bible throughout is to be accepted in every detail as a rule of life. To him even inquiry into the historical accuracy of any statement in the Bible impugned its credibility as a spiritual guide. He was incapable of looking at the Bible as the literature of a people uniquely gifted with spiritual under-

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standing who developed in spiritual insight through generations and whose record is all the surer guide because it tells of a developing experience toward a superlative climax in the life of Jesus. To him that was like a denial of God.

This simplicity of mind was the secret of his effectiveness as an orator. He put things simply because he only thought of things simply. The orator who qualifies his statements may be accurate, but he is likely to be ineffective. Mr. Bryan did not qualify his statements, because he did not qualify his thinking. In the presence of an audience he could hold out a glass of water in his hand and declare with all solemnity that he was suspending the law of gravitation. That was because the only way he could think of the law of gravitation was by picturing it in the form of a falling body. He was incapable of understanding really what the law of gravitation was; but he was effective before an audience in presenting what he thought it to be. When he encountered really simple questions, he was very effective for that reason. As, for example, when he said in an oft-repeated lecture, "If a man argues in favor of dishonesty, don't argue with him—search him!"

And this simplicity of mind went with a simplicity of spirit that aroused the affection of those who distrusted as well as those who trusted his judgment. No two public men in our time have been farther apart in their mode of thinking or in their mental equipment than William Jennings Bryan and Theodore Roosevelt; and yet we have seen these two men in the office of The Outlook conversing with the utmost informality and mutual liking. Mr. Bryan's sincerity, which few fair-minded people have questioned, was that of a childlike spirit. In the ordinary sense he was not a politician. He was intellectually incapable of intrigue. His strength as a public man rested almost solely on the people's understanding of his simple nature.

His departure from life has befitted his career. Having testified to his belief, he lay down and went to sleep. He leaves behind him no soreness and no hatred. Those who regarded him as dangerous have no thought of him other than they would have of a child who unthinkingly handled dangerous weapons; and such as they are likely to remember him with feelings as kindly as those who looked upon him as a prophet.

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT.

Germany and French Security

A WILL to reconciliation is essential to real security in Europe. No amount of legal or diplomatic stipulation can take the place of a real determination for mutual understanding and a real proof on the part of all concerned of good faith. If therefore there is any significance in the exchange of notes between France and Germany for establishing security, it is to be found in the evidence they offer of this will to reconciliation.

Before, however, there can be lasting reconciliation there must be convincing evidence given on the part of those who deliberately did their utmost to cripple Belgium and France that they utterly repudiate their former policy and commit themselves to whatever measures may be needful for making amends. In this is not involved any question of who started the war. The question is solely: Who, after the war was started, attempted to render their neighbors impotent and helpless? That question is easily answered. The evidence is spread all over northern France and Belgium.

Whoever else may ignore these truths, the French will not. Governments may come and governments may go; but the French nation will remain convinced that reconciliation depends upon a thorough change in the German attitude from that of 1918.

Does the German reply, which was given out for publication in London on July 21, indicate that that change of attitude is thorough and complete? That is the prime question. Everything else is subordinate to that.

It does not seem to us that Germany yet fully realizes the position in which she placed herself during the war. The distrust with which other nations regard her is one which she fully earned. As long as she treats her present position as merely the consequence of the fortunes of war, and not as the consequence of her own acts, she is likely to remain the chief obstacle to reconciliation in Europe.

And as long as she is suspected of plotting to profit by the injury which she did to her neighbors, so long will every proposal from her be subjected to suspicious scrutiny. Thus the proposal which her Government has made to abandon Alsace and Lorraine definitely to France, and Eupen and Malmédy to Belgium, will, under these circumstances, be regarded as an effort to immobilize France and Belgium and to gain as an offset liberty to develop German ambitions in the east and south.

Germany's whole reply is based on the theory that she cannot grant what France requires for her security unless she gets something tangible in return. That is to ignore the fact that what she needs most of all is the confidence of the world in her good intention, and that she will get that when she ceases to bargain over the payment of her obligations. Her note still indicates somewhat of a bargaining spirit.

Nevertheless it is a very different Germany that speaks in this note from that which carried on the tactics miscalled "passive resistance." The French venture into the Ruhr has borne fruit. Germany evidently has a very much truer view of her own situation than she had in 1922. It is fashionable to speak of Poincaré as a maker of trouble between Germany and France. As a matter of fact, his policy has proved effective in bringing intractable Germans to their senses. And now that the work has been done the French are quietly withdrawing from the Ruhr according to their promises.

The real difficulty in the way of a solution of Europe's biggest problem lies on the frontier between Germany and Poland. The friction there has been evident since the submission of the German reply. Poland is excluding from its territory all those Germans who chose to remain German citizens during the plebiscite in Upper Silesia. On the other hand, Germany is driving out from her territory all Poles who voted for Poland. Whether these and similar measures will be carried out or not, the mutual hostility is evident. It is this situation in the east that France cannot ignore.

Ice-Cream

SHE seized a spoon and began to beat with it upon the table.

"I want some ice-cream!"

"Yes, Mildred. You are going to get some ice-cream. But mother and Dorothy and you must have their dinner first. You don't want your ice-cream until you've had your dinner, do you?"

"Ye-e-e-sss! I want some ice-cream."

"But not *before* dinner, Mildred. See, here's the waiter. He's going to bring you your nice dinner. You'll have some tomato soup. I'm going to have some;

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that's the way to begin dinner, and then have ice-cream afterwards."

"No-o-o-o! I want some ice-cream."

"But, Mildred, you can't have ice-cream now. Nobody eats ice-cream before dinner. Now, be a good girl, and you may have a big plate of ice-cream afterwards."

"I — want — some — vaniller — ice-cream!"

"Mildred, if you aren't good I sha'n't let you have any dinner at all. All the people are looking at you. See how good Dorothy is; she's going to eat her soup and the rest of her dinner first. Mildred—"

"I want some ice-cream! Yah! Yow! Whoop! Oo-hoo-hoo! Want some ice-cream *now!*"

The waiter bent down.

"Shall I bring her the ice-cream, madam?"

And, as usual, the forces of righteousness, discipline, and proper dietetics gave in before the powers of noise and rebellion.

"Yes. Bring it."

And in a few minutes the triumphant Mildred was eating her yellow ice-cream, and occasionally glancing with sarcastic triumph at the virtuous Dorothy, who was sullenly struggling with roast beef and string beans, and wondering if there really is anything in this good conduct business.

WHEN Aguinaldo, the leader of the Filipino insurgents, was captured by General Funston and brought to Manila, the officers of the Army did everything to make his detention as agreeable as possible. He was housed in an official residence of some pretensions to dignity and luxury, and was further requested to make known whatever could be done for his comfort.

"There is something I want," said the captive chief. "Something that the Americans always have. I do not know its name. That is, I did know it, but I have forgotten it. It is delightful. I had it in Hongkong once."

The officers made several suggestions.

"No, that is not it. All I can remember is that it was sweet, and very, very cold. Oh, yes; very cold. But it is delightful. Never have I enjoyed anything so much. Often I have thought of it since."

"Was it ice-cream?" some one asked.

"Ah, yes. That is it. Could I have some ice-cream?"

"Yes, you may make the ice-cream for dinner."

The chopping of the ice and the mixing of the salt were pleasant forms of labor. The characteristic smell of the cedar bucket which was to contain them agreeably returns as he thinks of the operation. The work of turning the crank did not pall upon him, for some reason. And there was the great moment when the dasher had to be taken out, and, of course, for reasons of thrift, scraped off with a spoon. And the scrapings should not be wasted; they must be eaten then—at whatever inconvenience to himself.

Doubtless the historian of this great chapter of our National life will not neglect the extraordinary extent of the manufacture and consumption of ice-cream in the United States to-day. The facts are at hand—compiled from reliable sources—but it is not the purpose of this article to make a vain show of erudition.

Let it be sufficient to say that if all the salt used to freeze ice-cream in Los Angeles County, California, during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1925, were placed in the new goldfish pond in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, it would make the goldfish very uncomfortable indeed. And if all the ice-cream cones sold in the State of Rhode Island since the inauguration of President Coolidge were laid end to end in a double track between Camden, Maine, and Bucyrus, Ohio, they would demonstrate better than anything else in the world the extreme idiocy of statistics of this kind.

AMERICANS may not be entitled to claim that ice-cream originated here, but its enormous development, its appearance in wild forms, and its immense importance as an industry and as an amusement are certainly ours. Perhaps it is a more worthy contribution to modern life than the movies or the radio. Historians disagree about the time and place of its first discovery; whether Julius Cæsar or Andrew Jackson was the earliest potentate to enjoy ice-cream is a matter for acrimonious debate. Was it a discovery or a deliberate invention? Is the story to be credited of the cook who set a custard outdoors to cool on a winter's day, forgot it for hours, and then discovered, to his great delight, that he had made vanilla ice-cream? Upon these questions Macaulay and Grote, no less than Rhodes and Channing, are silent. To the forthcoming history of the last quarter-century, by Mark Sullivan, we shall look for the economic history of the Eskimo pie, an etymological explanation of the Latin plural used in the name of the chocolate sundae, and proof that the modern soda-water fountain, with its banana splits, its raspberry larleygobs, and its many other stickinesses, is really less injurious to the human digestion than the old-fashioned bar. Doubtless it is, but Mr. Sullivan will have to labor hard to show that it is more cleanly in its appearance.

From such places many a man turns with a saddening eye. To him the pleasantest association with the words "ice-cream" are the recollections of those Sundays or holidays when his mother used to say:

Impressions of Chicago

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

IT is related—I have read the story, but have forgotten where—that an enthusiastic Chicago man once met an Oxford archæologist in the Far East, when the following brief conversation ensued:

Chicagoan. You ought to see Chicago; it's only fifty years old and has a million inhabitants!

Oxonian. No, thank you. But I will go anywhere with you if you will show me a city a million years old with only fifty inhabitants!

Chicago may not interest the archæologist, but it ought to be extremely interesting to the psychologist, for here he may see, as perhaps nowhere else in the United States, the conflict between the unconventional and ungainly standards of the frontier and the longer-established and more traditional civilization of the Atlantic seaboard. The result is a certain roughness, like the famous tide-rips in the English Channel.

When New York calls Chicago crude, it is a little like the pot calling the kettle black. Nevertheless there are certain crudities, or, let me say in kindlier if not more accurate language, certain inconsistencies, in Chicago that at once

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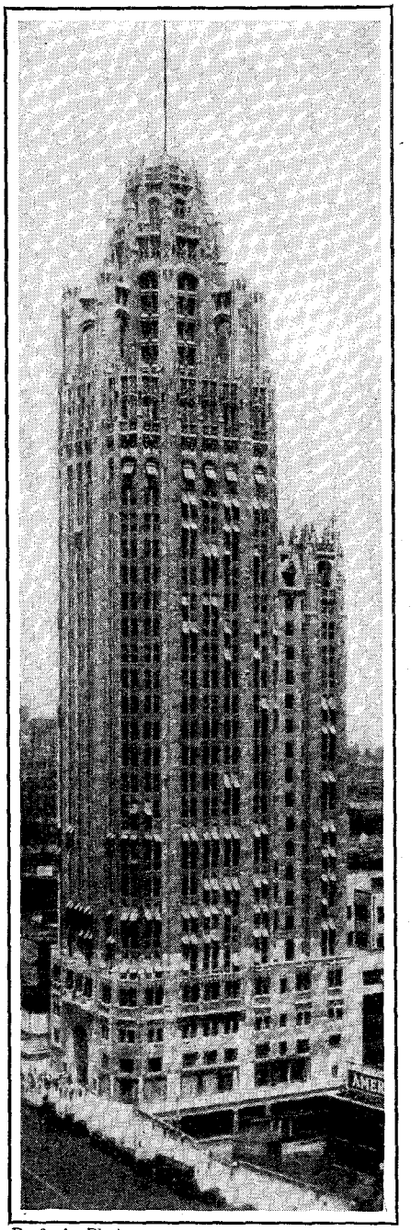
impress themselves upon the mind of the casual visitor. For instance, Chicago's most successful, or, at any rate, its wealthiest, daily journal boasts that it is "the world's greatest newspaper." But I doubt if there is a more mediocre and stupid sheet published in any great metropolitan city. Its editors appear to devote their hours of serious contemplation to the subject of murder and their hours of relaxation to the cheapest sort of slap-stick "comics." If they treated murder as a fine art, they might excuse themselves as disciples of the gifted De Quincey, although even he was a "dope fiend" when he wrote his classic essay on "Murder as a Fine Art." But the art with which these editors portray murder is the typographical art of the auction poster—screaming headlines in black-face, stud-horse type.

Yet this commonplace newspaper has just made for itself a new home which is one of the notable buildings of America. It stands towering on the lake front, a creation of Gothic beauty, a monument to the genius which has enabled American architecture to make out of the sky-scraper an original contribution to the progress of mankind. Man is a queer animal, a bundle of contradictions. What kink in his mind is it that permits him to produce at the same time and by the same process of energy such a mean specimen of the art of printing and such a noble printing house?

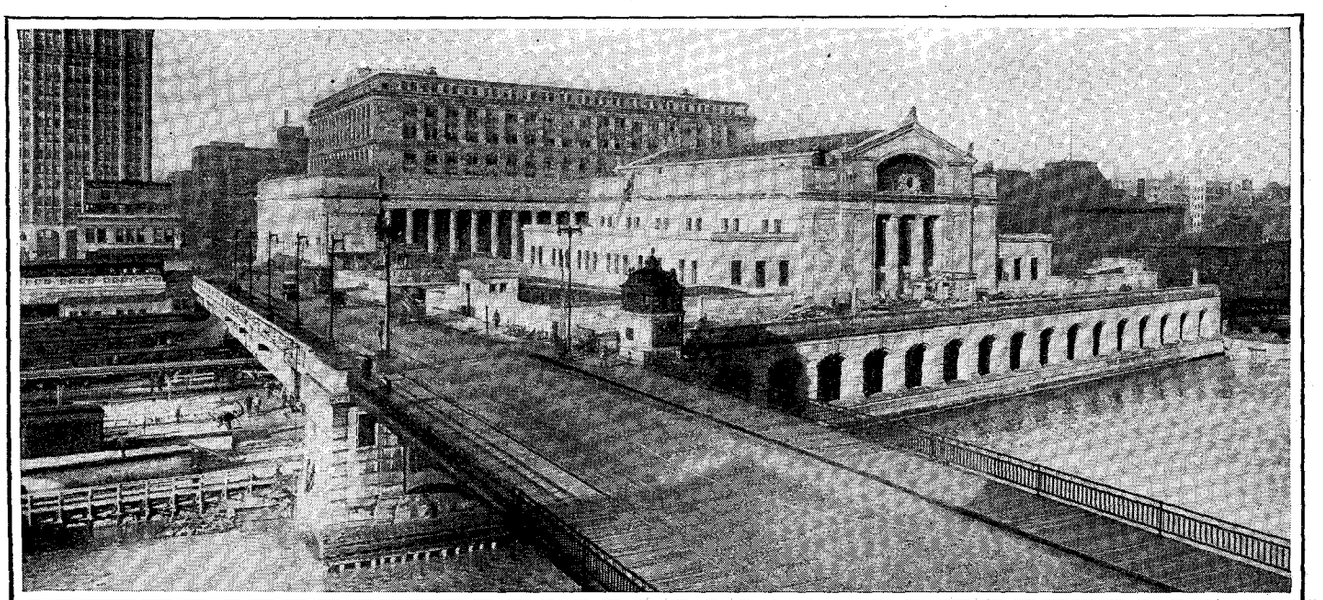
A short walk from this modern printing house, on the same lake front and on the same avenue (which Chicagoans are steadily making one of the splendid boulevards of the world), is the Art Museum. This temple of beauty is deservedly beginning to supplant the Stock Yards as the visible token of Chicago's intellectual life. In the spacious entrance corridor stands, or rather sits, a figure of Voltaire, the king of satirists, cut in marble by the great French sculptor Houdon. The lean, drawn face of the brilliant Frenchman is illuminated by a half-suppressed smile, as if he had just read his morning copy of "the world's greatest newspaper," had then looked out on the cathedral-like pinnacles of its new building, and was recalling his pungent satires of human folly, which touched the intellectual hypocrites of his time on the quick and stirred the laughter of all Europe.



P. & A. Photos
The Home of the Chicago "Tribune"

I never pass through Chicago without paying a visit, however brief, to the Art Museum. This morning I had two hours and a half between the arrival of my train from Glacier Park, in western Montana, and the departure of my train for New York. Part of that time was spent in breakfasting, for not even the most æsthetically minded man can enjoy pictures in a breakfastless state. Moreover, my breakfast, served in a capital Fred Harvey restaurant in the splendid new Union Station, was a work of art in itself. I suppose more railroad genius centers in and radiates from Chicago than any other city in the world can supply. Why can't these railroad executives do something to make the newspapers rise to the standards of taste and intelligence set by their dining-cars and limited trains and railway stations?

But let me hurry to the Art Museum. Only an art student can afford the time



International
The New Gateway to the Metropolis of the Middle West

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to make a thorough study of collections of sculpture and pictures. The passing traveler ought to have two or three pictures, or even one, which he wishes to see, and, having seen them, continue on his way without confusing his eyes and mind with whole rooms full of canvases. Thus in London, if I have twenty minutes to spare, I drop into the National Gallery to see Turner's "Rain, Steam, and Speed"—a railway train rushing over a great viaduct on a stormy day. No picture I know so vividly portrays the poetry of motion or the romance of railroad engineering and operation. So at the Chicago Art Museum, just glancing at the priceless head of a girl by Rembrandt, the quiet landscapes of Cazin, the immortal farm pictures of Millet, the unique "Passamaquoddy Bay" by George Inness, Brangwyn's ruddy and muscular "Pilots," Paul Dougherty's stern and somber "Storm Quiet," the ethereal and yet material "Brooklyn Bridge" by Henry Ranger, and Charles Hawthorne's rugged "Portrait of Polasse," I go at once to the room containing the Monets.

Monet is the greatest of the moderns in producing the optical effects of light through the medium of paint. I have a peculiar affection for Monet, because twenty-five or thirty years ago he taught me to see the amazing streaks of color on a spring hillside—a beauty to which I had been before then almost blind. But it is not his gardens and hillsides that attract me to the Monet room. It is the three fine examples of his Thames series, especially his Waterloo Bridge, which, with its red and yellow busses rolling over it, emerges from a London fog as one gazes at the canvas.

The story goes that about twenty-five years ago Monet, exhausted by his work, determined to take a vacation in some spot where he would not be tempted to put a brush to canvas. He chose London. But when he got there, he found the foggy Thames, with its bridges and its massive Parliament House at Westminster, most seductive in its problems of light and color. So, hastily buying a painter's outfit, he began his studies which resulted in his notable "Thames Series" of pictures. Even soot and fog become beautiful under the hands of a master painter.

Some day some American Monet will do with the Chicago lake front what the French Monet has done with the dingy and muddy Thames. For there is real beauty to be found in Chicago.

The Manhattan Limited,
En Route to New York,
July 24, 1925.

Arms and the Man

Correspondence from the Arms Traffic Conference

By ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editor in Europe

AT the Arms Traffic Conference at Geneva forty-five nations were represented. Among them four were non-members of the League of Nations—namely, the United States of America, Germany, Turkey, and Egypt.

Personnel

AT the head of our American delegation was one of our best-known public men, Theodore Burton. His service in the House and Senate at Washington has been very distinguished. As a member of the Debts Commission his influence has been particularly notable. His was also the initiative behind the recent resolution favoring our entrance into the World Court. He has long been the chief American representative at the meetings of the Interparliamentary Union. I have known him for forty years, and have often tested his cyclopædic knowledge.

By his side one saw an alert, attentive younger man, Hugh Gibson, our second delegate and Minister to Switzerland, one of the most brilliant examples of how the merit system works on the rounds of the diplomatic ladder. One day I expect to see Mr. Gibson Ambassador at London or Paris.

Our other delegates were General Ruggles, Rear-Admiral Long, and Mr. Allen Dulles, of the State Department. There were also military and naval and other experts. Indeed, in looking over the list of the various delegations, I was struck by the large number of army and navy officers, including such eminent authorities as, for instance, the French Colonel Requin and the English Admiral Aubrey Smith; it has been a privilege to talk with them.

Count Carton de Wiart, former Belgian Premier, has been President of the Conference. He has presided ably.

Exportation

FIRST of all, arms were classified. For instance, there are arms serving exclusively war purposes. There are also arms which can eventually be utilized for war.

It was then necessary for the Conference to declare how it would organize international control. The Conference agreed that exportation of arms, munitions, and war material should be prohibited except to governments already regularly recognized by the exporting countries.

It was also necessary to define the conditions under which the forthcoming convention would be suspended in time of war.

The ease with which the commerce in arms is carried on greatly increases the chances of war, especially in the backward countries. Hence it was desirable to define certain territorial and also maritime zones, the maritime region comprising the Red Sea, the Gulf of Aden, the Persian Gulf, and the Sea of Oman.

As to the last named, General Habobila Kahn, the Persian representative, protested vigorously. I heard Sir Percy Cox declare that if the Persian demand were admitted, India would not sign the convention. Because of the incessant conflicts on the Indian and Afghanistan frontiers, this was really less directed against Persia than against Afghanistan. The British won. Habobila then rose for the last time and declared that the action constituted an assault on Persian sovereignty. He left the hall and the Persian delegation retired from the Conference. In their opinion, a country whose independence is six thousand years old must be treated on a plane of equality with other states.

As in the Opium Conference, so in this, an American suggestion proved a chief feature. In both cases it was the same—namely, the institution of a central international committee, acting independently, to collect and periodically to publish statistics concerning the expor-

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tation of arms, munitions, and war material.

Other Matters

Of course the Conference pronounced itself on the question of licenses and their publication. In this the attitude of our own delegation was significant. I heard Mr. Burton tell the Conference that the American Government and the American Nation would be sorely disappointed by any convention which did not contain simple and ample provisions concerning the publicity to be given to these licenses. Amid the attention due to such a statement, the speaker declared that we of America were ready to sign a convention obliging all nations to publish full statistics concerning their arms traffic.

The non-producing countries complain of their inferiority in relation to the producers, who, escaping publicity, can manufacture without either control or limit. It was a pleasure then to note the surprised and delighted faces of the delegates from the non-producing countries when Mr. Burton remarked that the United States was prepared to publish full statistics, not only as to traffic, but as to American manufacture of arms.

The most-talked-of subject during the Conference was that of chemical warfare. On the very first day, to the great pride of us all, Mr. Burton proposed the prohibition of all use of asphyxiating gases and of toxic substances utilized for war. This motion was immediately seconded by the heads of the Japanese, French, Brazilian, Polish, Italian, Chinese, and other delegations, and went through in the end "with a whoop," as did the subsequent and most valuable motion of the Polish delegation prohibiting all methods of bacteriological warfare.

Russia Won't Play

The Soviet Government had been invited to participate in the Conference. It declined.

In view of Russia's abstention, the Conference properly decided that until she submitted to the terms of the convention the border states—Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Poland, Rumania, and the rest—should be freed from obligation to publish their figures concerning importation and exportation of arms.

Conclusion

Dealing only with *traffic*, the Arms Traffic Conference goes only half the distance required to reach a more practical disarmament. A resolution, therefore, was inserted in the final act of the Conference, declaring that the governments represented hold themselves ready to examine as soon as possible the international aspects of the *manufacture* of arms, munitions, and war material.

The first step towards reduction of armament has really been taken, despite croakers who think the Conference just closed too puerile and not flat-footed enough. It was high time for that first step, for last year, so I learn, the five Great Powers spent more than $1,830,000,000 on armaments.

Two present events give point to the Conference—the troubles in China and the Riff rebellion. Such affairs will be less liable to happen if the convention signed to-day be duly ratified and thus clandestine supply be properly checked.

Geneva, Switzerland.

Wanted—A Coal Strike

By William P. Helm, Jr.

A telling analysis of the conflicting interests which may unite to bring about a war paid for by the public

There is need for a coal strike. Not on the part of the public, which inevitably will pay through the nose, nor yet on the part of the anthracite end of the industry. That is clouted front and back by pyramided wages and competition of cheaper fuels. The need comes from the main body of the industry, the great bituminous part of it, now facing bankruptcy and dissolution.

Hence, in all likelihood, there will be a coal strike, Nation-wide and embracing both the anthracite and bituminous fields. Never was stage more skillfully set for the entrance of the star than the industrial stage is set to-day for the calling of a coal strike. The plot of melodrama never led more swiftly to stirring climax than are leading now the developments within the coal industry toward the grand crash—the cessation of labor on or before September 1.

Indeed, the cue already has been spoken by the miners' President, John L. Lewis.

"It may be necessary later on," he said on June 30, at Scranton, Pennsylvania, "to authorize a National shutdown of the mines of this country while the Government and the coal operators and the representatives of the mine workers discuss whether the Jacksonville agreement is going to be carried out."

The Jacksonville agreement continues the present bituminous wage scale until March 31, 1927. Under its beneficent terms, non-union soft coal, mainly from West Virginia, has run away with competitive union markets. Non-union mines have wrought overtime—and cut one another's throats. Union mines have closed down. Hundreds upon hundreds of them are boarded up, unable to compete with near-by non-union coal produced at wages one-third less than the union scale.

And hundreds of thousands of union miners have come to the brink of starvation through idleness in the soft-coal fields; great railroads have run at a loss; banks have closed down; and scores of big operators have gone into bankruptcy. Gaunt ruin, specter-like, treads competitive union fields. There is no market for union coal where non-union coal has competitive freight rates.

Into this millpond of scum-coated stagnation hurl the boulder of a strike, and what will happen? Will not the waters seethe and churn in activity? Will not the scum temporarily be swept away, at least over a portion of the surface?

Inevitably. The calling of a strike would be a life-saver to the union soft-coal fields. Not during the strike, of course, for they would be wholly idle—as idle as many of them are to-day—but *after* the strike, when work is resumed, as it inevitably will be in time. What then?

Will not the boards at those idle mines come lumbering down? Will not the rust of inactive months be frictioned away by the stir of a new activity? Will not the mining hosts, accustomed now to long inaction, pour through those holes in the hills and down among the cobwebs of now idle shafts?

There will be a market then for union coal. If the strike is a long one, so much the better from the union operator's view-point, for the demand will be greater and the prices stiffer. A five or six months' strike (and it is altogether among the possibilities) would create

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such a demand for coal that in satisfying it union mines, demanding the highest price the traffic will bear, could recoup in large measure their previous losses during a year or more of unprecedented disaster.

What else can save the industry or give it even temporary relief? To continue existing conditions is to continue existing bankruptcy and depression, even to heighten them. Without a tonic such as a strike, what will be the plight of the union miner next winter? The same, of course, as it was last winter—if he can keep soul and body on communicating terms. And it seems hardly humanly possible for union miners to live through another such winter as the past one.

Thus the calling of a strike would provide, first, a period of inactivity, which cannot be much more acute than the present situation; and, secondly, a period of demand, during which coal prices would soar to the point where union operation would be extremely profitable for a time. And after that time would follow, of course, another period of depression, for demand would tread the line of lowest prices and ultimately non-union coal again would dominate competitive markets.

But a second strike would then be not so far away, for the Jacksonville agreement expires March 31, 1927. And if the first strike is ended, as was the last one, by continuing the present wage scale, the problem of wages still would remain unsettled. That would come up for argument and controversy some time in February of 1927. And thereby another artificial stimulant would be given the industry out of the public's pocketbook.

Non-union coal, mined to capacity, cannot supply the Nation's needs during a strike. The non-union fields can produce approximately 5,000,000 tons of soft coal a week. Home fires and those of industry burn from 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 tons a week. The 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 tons not supplied by non-union mines must come from stock piles built up during times of surplus coal.

In the past there have been, on occasion, huge stock piles built up in this manner. When the Armistice was declared, American coal consumers had accumulated more than 60,000,000 tons in their storage facilities. Again, when the great strike of 1922 was called in the soft-coal fields another 60,000,000-ton stock pile had been accumulated.

That stock pile was drawn on to meet the deficiency between non-union capacity and National demand, and it lasted the Nation about five months. At first the strike was not felt, but toward the end there was acute suffering among industries whose stocks had been exhausted. And when coal mining was resumed the public fought for coal and paid a premium estimated at $100,000,000 a month for virtually all union coal mined.

That situation lasted between three and four months during the latter part of 1922. Union operators then were paying the same wage scale as they had been paying the year before, for the men went back to work at the same wages, but those same operators, with the same producing costs, obtained from $2 to $4 a ton more for their coal than they had obtained on corresponding dates a year before.

In other words, the public paid for the strike, the operators made handsome profits, the miners got steady employment—for a time—and the industry temporarily took on new life.

To-day the situation is almost exactly parallel, except that the projected strike would be called on the edge of winter approaching instead of winter departing, as in 1922. Both then and now the industry needed a stimulant. It got its bootleg then, and the overwhelming chances are that it will get it again during the course of the next few months.

Men fighting for life are not overnice in their observance of the conventions, nor are industries. To-day the coal industry is fighting for its life. At least the unionized bituminous industry is. Any reasonably plausible pretext will serve for a strike when it is so badly needed. That is not intended, however, to intimate that Mr. Lewis is seeking a pretext to call a bituminous strike.

Not at all. Mr. Lewis is in a leaky boat far from shore and with a high sea running. He is an intelligent, honest man with brilliant ability to bring his craft in. Personally he is far more scrupulous than some of the coal operators now seeking to nullify the Jacksonville agreement. Mr. Lewis has held his men to the line of honor and integrity in their dealings when to hold them cost him and them dearly.

This writer, for one, is convinced that Mr. Lewis will hold his following now—a following that is childlike in its faith and unswerving loyalty—to the line of what he regards as strict integrity. Personally, Mr. Lewis probably would scorn any other course. He probably has convinced himself that he would be wholly justified in calling a bituminous strike. By his own process of reasoning he has reached the point, in all probability, where he thoroughly believes that a Nation-wide strike call is altogether justified.

But even if he had not so high a sense of business fairness, the makings of a strike are all at hand, the need is urgent, and there is lacking only the pretext. And that, it will be recalled, is all Germany needed to start a World War. In the present situation, the anthracite industry is under the focus of immediate developments. It is in the unhappy and false position of seeming to be the cause of impending cataclysm throughout the entire industry. In reality, however, anthracite's problems, alone and detached from those of bituminous, are not insuperable. They could be solved without calling in a master mind if representatives of the operators and the men were to get together around the conference table in a fair spirit of give and take.

Below the surface of the anthracite workers' demands, palpably made for bargaining purposes, lies one real desire: to continue the present wage scale. All else is subordinate. And while the anthracite operators may splutter and grow red in the face over the taking of this medicine, it probably isn't so bitter or so violent as they profess to believe.

Have you heard of any big anthracite companies going into bankruptcy lately? I haven't. Competition from other fuels undoubtedly has hurt to a degree, but dividends still are being paid. To continue the present wage scale in the compact, thoroughly unionized anthracite industry is to continue present fairly satisfactory conditions.

Divorced from bituminous, anthracite probably could work out its differences along these lines and enjoy another two-year period of fair prosperity. But marry the twain, and bituminous moves in and takes charge. Its troubles become anthracite's, and the fat is in the fire.

In his own skillful, plausible way Mr. Lewis now is seeking, with pious and honest intent, to perform the marriage ceremony. If he succeeds, as he probably will, the public will pay the orchestra, and the caterer at the wedding breakfast to boot.

The other day—some weeks before the possibility of a bituminous strike became public knowledge—I met an acquaintance who is trying to make a living by selling bituminous coal. He is not an operator, for he owns no mines, but is what the trade knows as a jobber. At one time he did a splendid volume of business, but lately times have been hard in his line and his office has shriveled from the dimensions of a suite to the space under his hat.

When I called his attention to the manner in which the industrial stage is being set for a soft-coal strike, a new light came into his eye. That was a possibility that hadn't happened to cross the path of his imagination. A look of hope crossed his face and he beckoned to his dozing enthusiasm.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, and whistled. "I hope you're right. It's the best news I've heard for a year."

Is there any reason why the entire unionized bituminous industry should feel otherwise?

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Springfield, Missouri

Decoration by Herbert Pullinger

Mizpah

By ARTHUR GUITERMAN

WE that have journeyed so long as one,
Free of the hills and dales,
Take up our burdens at rise of sun
To follow diverging trails.

Lonely our wanderings, lonely, too,
Our halts and our camps will be,
But all shall be comely and well with you,
All shall be well with me.

When you are poised on the granite scar
To cast where the salmon play,
I shall be stepping from star to star
Fishing the Milky Way.

When you are off on the mountain track
Riding the nut-brown mare,
I shall be up on the comet's back,
Grasping his golden hair.

You will be tramping to Arden Lake
Or climbing Katahdin soon;
Far and beyond goes the path I take
And curves behind the moon.

But I'll be your guide, as I've always been,
When you come from the land of men;
I'll carry your pack, I'll lead you in,
I'll build your fire again.

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"Memoirs"—A Club Fire—And a Poet

A London Literary Letter by C. LEWIS HIND

POSSIBLY only people over fifty years of age read biography and autobiography. Youth is avid for personal experiences; but in middle age we begin to attune ourselves to enjoy other people's experiences. For the solid two hours between an early tea and a late dinner, and before a club fire, give me a volume of memoirs, either biographical or autobiographical, not for review—oh, no! that would spoil the enjoyment—just to dip into and ruminate over. What a relief it is in a world of hearsay to read an actual letter or an actual document! And how the man who has turned fifty likes, with some chagrin, to compare his own life with the life of the notability he is reading about!

You have noticed I have suggested that the place for this enjoyment is before a club fire. The reason is obvious. There has been such a rush of memoirs this season, and the price at which they are published is so high, that I could spend a week's income on those I wish to scan. So I, and others, write down the titles of the memoirs we want, and the club librarian sees that they are procured from the circulating library. It is modern memoirs that one desires for this two hours' idling before the club fire, not the classics. The classics of biography are rather for bedside reading—such well-thumbed friends as Boswell's "Johnson," Carlyle's "Sterling," and Hogg's "Shelley." In those books one reads every word; but no power on earth could make me read every word of Sir Sidney Lee's "Life of King Edward VII." There are pages in it that fascinate, for the book tells the story of his sixty years as Prince of Wales, and, although I presume that the author has not told everything, there is enough to make one feel that one is sharing in high history. Once only did I draw near to King Edward VII when he was Prince of Wales. He had a passion for visiting fires. The London Brigade had instructions to inform him when there was a great outbreak. Such an occasion was the conflagration in Cheapside about 1885. I was there in a reportorial capacity, and met his Royal Highness, very hot, very tired, standing at a height on a charred landing. He called for a tankard of stout, and I had the pleasure of seeing the royal throat assimilate it in two pulls. It showed me that a prince is quite human if divinity does hedge him.

Other memoirs that I have scanned, or purpose scanning, before the club fire are "Places and Persons," by Mrs. Asquith, now Lady Oxford. Of this lively book one reviewer has remarked: "Her impressions of America are not valuable; and she displays almost a *prima donna's* delight in the panegyrics of the Press."

Also Sir Squire Bancroft's "Empty Chairs," signifying the friends who have died during the eighty years of this famous actor's life. Sir Squire is still a courtier. Of Ellen Terry he writes: "Such a *very* pretty voice—one of the most silvery voices I have ever heard from any woman except the late Queen Victoria, whose voice was like a silver stream flowing over golden stones."

Also "A Player Under Three Reigns," by Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, who is probably the finest Hamlet that the stage has known. I shall never forget the way he spoke the last words of Hamlet—"The rest is silence"—seated, with closing eyes, uttering them with a sigh as he passes into the unknown. John Barrymore gave them standing, defiantly, in the mood, I suppose, of Browning when he greeted "the unseen with a cheer."

Also "The Passing Hour," by W. L. Courtney, an Oxford don who became a bohemian; or, rather, he was invited by the proprietor of the "Daily Telegraph" to leave Oxford, the home of Lost Causes, and become a dominant figure in Fleet Street.

Also "John Keats," by Amy Lowell, and "The Life and Letters of George Wyndham," by J. W. Mackail and Guy Wyndham, each in two volumes, each appallingly long, and yet, over the club fire in that leisurely two hours, I do not find them too long. There is an art in picking and scanning which the years and the multitude of books have taught me.

And I am going to read again the modest, touching biography of the poet Rupert Brooke, which was published a year or so ago. Because there has just been unveiled at the corner of the Admiralty Office on the Horse Guards Parade a memorial to the officers and men of the Royal Naval Brigade who fell in the Great War. Rupert Brooke was one of them. The memorial is in the form of a fountain—very beautiful. It was designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, our most distinguished architect, designer of the Cenotaph in Whitehall, certainly the most satisfying war monument ever produced.

On the base of the Royal Naval Division Fountain these lines by Rupert Brooke are inscribed. Passers-by stop to read them. The young poet, gone so early, tastes immortality.

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhoped serene
That men call age; and those who would have been
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

"The Order of Service contained his famous sonnet, which I must also quote. It has brought consolation—even joy—to thousands.

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blessed by suns of home.
And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

Mr. Winston Churchill was the chief speaker at the Memorial Service. He surpassed himself. Much moved, tearfully eloquent, he delivered the speech of his life. His Budget speech is being attacked and torn. On his Rupert Brooke speech there is only one comment—Amen.

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Nuestra Señora de Los Angeles

By GEORGE MARVIN

The Magic Mecca of Southern California

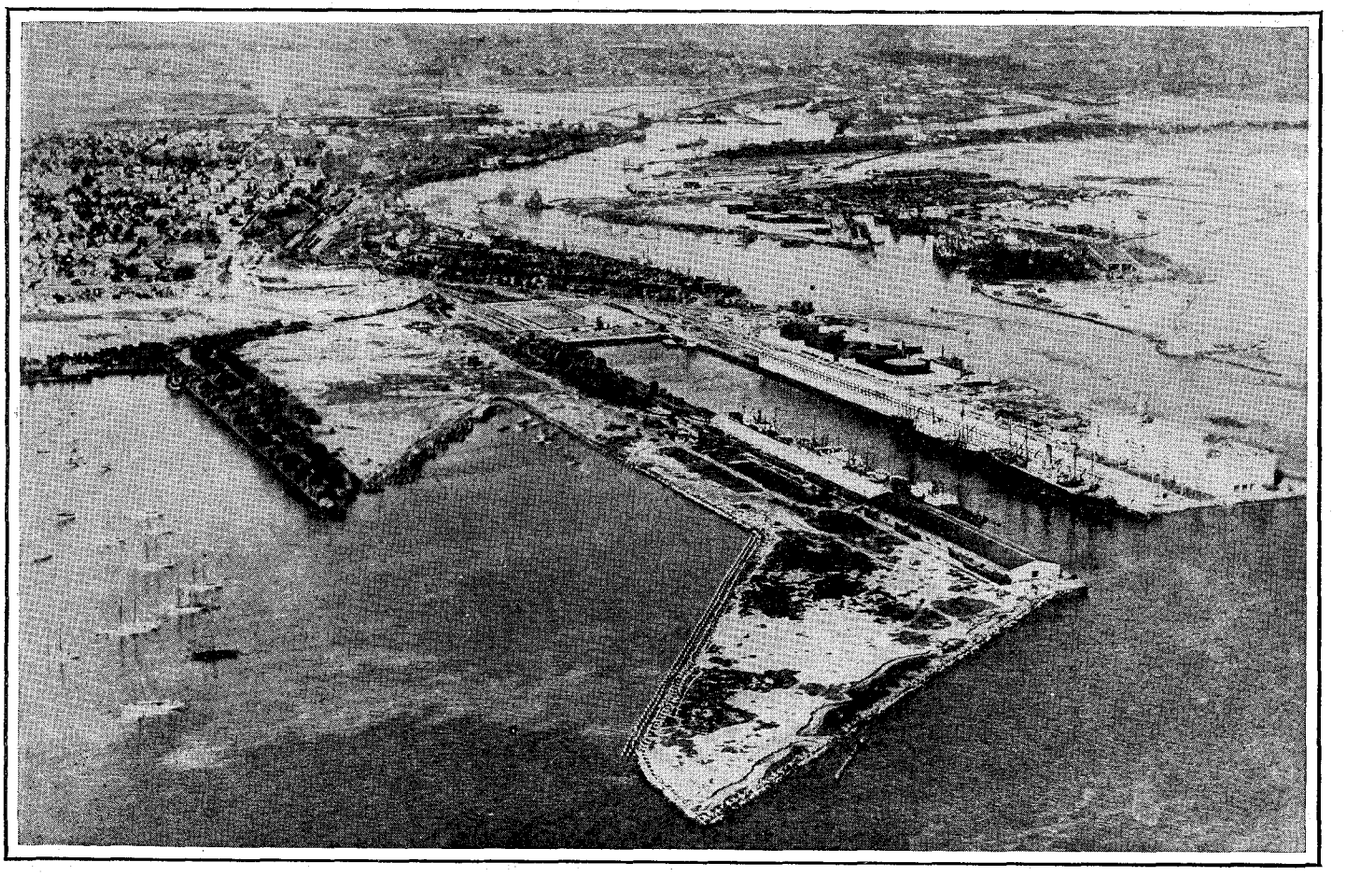
"*La Ville magique—La Métropole du Pacific—Le second Port des États-Unis!*" So does the journal of the Belgian Chamber of Commerce in Brussels describe Los Angeles, and the descriptive French phrases are not exaggerations. It is a magic city, the metropolis of the American Pacific littoral, and it is one of the four or five "second largest ports" in the United States. It is also a state of mind. Most of the population of the Golden State are Californiacs rather than Californians, but the "Angelenos" can't even see the rest of California outside of Los Angeles County. If any other municipality happens to intrude in the conversation, their eyes either soften with pity, harden with protest, or glaze with polite boredom. A crushing burden of proof rests upon the resident of any other town whose wandering leads him as a transient to this American mecca. "Our Lady of the Angels" is a tyrant blindly worshiped by her million resident subjects.

The "magic" of the city produces the mania of its inhabitants. It is a kind of mental elephantiasis, a *dementia quantitativa,* an insanity of size. Life in Los Angeles is one long boost. Your Angeleno slumbers not nor sleeps. He "develops." The residential purlieus of the magic city, the bristling woods of oil fields, the man-made harbor twenty-six miles away at San Pedro but incorporated within the city limits by a shoestring gerrymander, the water system from the high Sierras, the power plants, the churches, and the schools are all "developments." In "Our Lady of the Angels" you don't plan or build or create or dream; you develop.

And the development of this new metropolis of the Pacific coast is extraordinary, incredible, magical. Its literature is an incantation. Its figures are stunning. Let our enthusiastic Belgian say it from his so distant Brussels in his so perfect French here literally translated. At least his perspective should be just:

"If one wanted to seek," he writes idiomatically, "an example to demonstrate in a most peremptory fashion that which perseverance and steadfast faith (*l'inébranlable foi*) are able to accomplish in the destiny, it is without doubt Los Angeles that one would cite; because its rapid transformation from the little village, which she was only a few years ago, to a metropolis, maritime, industrial, and commercial, constitutes one supreme phenomenon which she has realized thanks to the indomitable energy and the spirit of enterprise of her people—(*grâce à l'indomptable énergie et l'esprit d'entreprise de sa population.*)"

The Angelenos never pray for some power the gift to give them thus to see themselves. They clearly see themselves as others like this ardent Belgian see them—and then some. They freely admit the "indomitable energy," the "spirit of enterprise," the "immovable faith." They acknowledge without embarrassment that they are the peremptory ex-



San Pedro, the harbor of Los Angeles, showing the breakwater, dredged anchorages and berthing places, new warehouses and docks, and the new shipping community growing up around the terminal facilities. This is an infant harbor, but southern California expects it soon to rival San Francisco in tonnage entered and cleared

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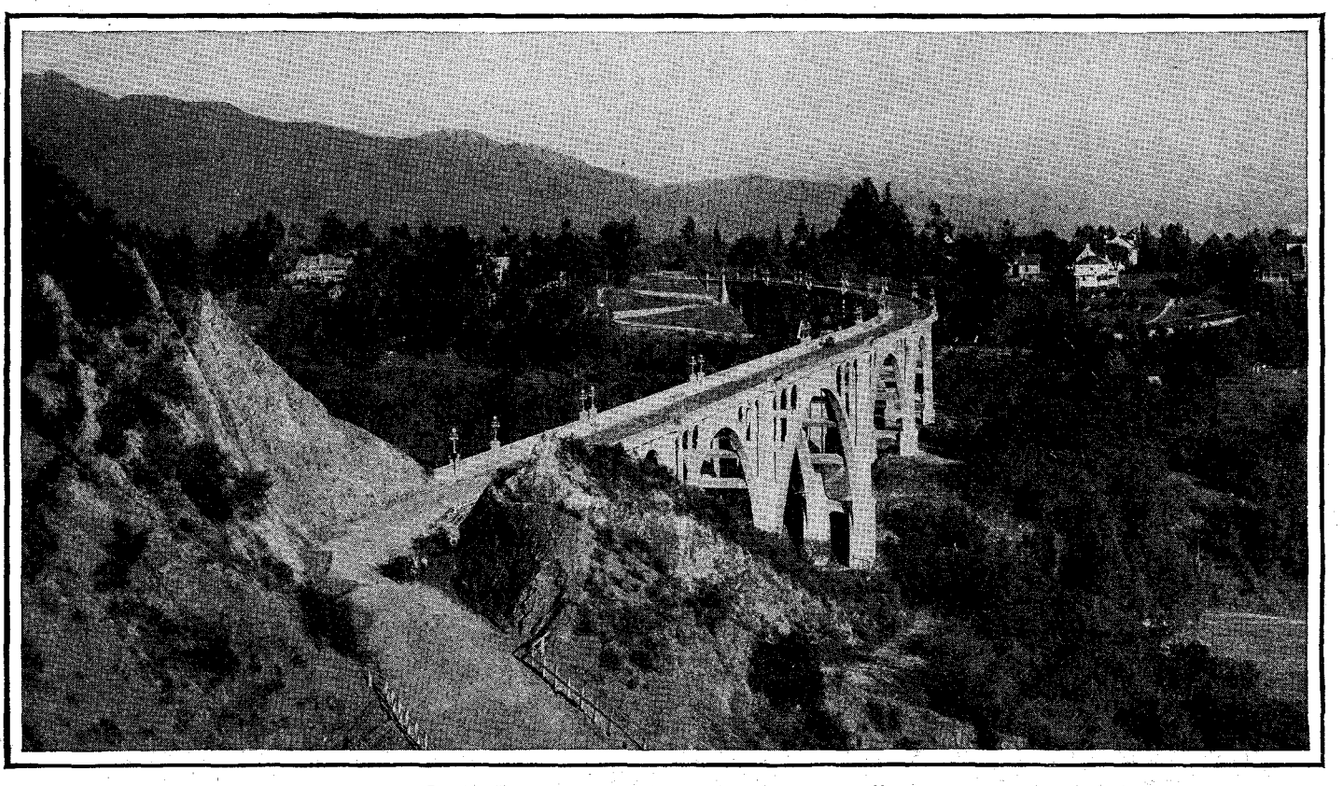

In the " residential purlieus of the magic city "

ample of destiny; in terms maritime, industrial, and commercial they concede their supreme phenomenality. These things are food and drink and the breath in their nostrils. Of such is the kingdom of their Angelican heaven.

And the worst of it is—or the best, as you will—that it is all true, even the "second largest port in the United States," for doesn't the Shipping Board tell you so? To the visiting layman the neat and antiseptic haven at San Pedro looks very new and untried and, by contrast with Philadelphia, Boston, New Orleans, or Seattle, sparsely tenanted with the myriad spars and funnels and gangways, the smoke, confusion, cargoes, bustle, and general *Wanderlust* that betoken big businesses in great waters. But there are the figures. In "tonnage handled" Los Angeles appears, sure enough, second on the list, with Philadelphia by a big drop coming third and New Orleans fourth. Here is something for other chambers of commerce to think about; though, to be sure, most of the "tonnage" is "handled" from the largest oil-producing territory in the United States directly onto tankers. Los Angeles handles an awful lot of outgoing oil and incoming lumber and carries on a tremendous intercoastal and coastwise traffic. A lingering loyalty for old New Orleans, old Boston, and old Philadelphia prompted enough research to fortify the mistress of the Mississippi, previously chronicled in this series as "the second largest port," and the Atlantic ports securely in their relative positions on the basis of "water-borne foreign commerce." On this list, also supplied by the supposedly neutral Shipping Board, twenty other ports appear ahead of Los Angeles, which occupied the twenty-first place. After reading it one began to entertain again some lingering hopes for the forlorn remainder of the United States' maritime interests lying outside the city and county of Los Angeles. Even in the hinterland while there's life there's hope.

But how do the Angelenos get that way? Why is this southern Californian city a mecca for moving pictures, moving motor cars, moving people? Why does Nuestra Señora exercise her allure over the rest of her own State, the remaining forty-seven States, Latin America, much of foolish Europe, and a little of the wiser Orient? Why live in Los Angeles, anyhow?

Well, in the first place, because it's easier; and mankind ever since being fired out of the Garden of Eden has been seeking the easiest way back in. There's no wintry negativity about southern California, no negativity of any kind about Los Angeles. That fiber-making ingredient in life which consists in overcoming is here reduced to a mortal minimum. The earth welcomes you, the skies smile eternally upon you, the climate embraces you. According to the Angeleno philosophy of life, the only thing left to look forward to is Valhalla —or Gehenna. Terrestrially everything desirable is rounded up in their own county or may be easily reached by motor transportation in some near-by "development" like the snowy Sierras or the strands of the Pacific; the only commodity to be hoped for is more. And only eternity can supply that in unlimited quantities. Los Angeles has enough climate to sell, and its salesmen always make the point that here you can do anything you want to do, everything, *all the year round*. You don't have to wait for anything. The leaves don't fall, the grass stays green, and the Weather Bureau is hauled in to assure you that you can never here be either too hot or too cold. There are the figures. No one here need solace a sad heart or fortify a fainting spirit with "if winter comes, can spring be far behind?"

All right, it's easier. But there are other compelling advantages. It's more convenient. Within a high-powered motor hour or two from Hollywood—Hollywood is in Los Angeles, not Los Angeles in Hollywood—the demigods who "direct" our thoughts and aspirations and desires and determine our styles from hair to hosiery through their standardization of human affairs on the screen can "locate" the hot sands of the Garden of Allah, the dunes of Scotland, the surf of Waikiki, the snow-fields of Alaska and Hudson Bay, the "West" of Bill Hart, the *patios* of Spanish towns, and the

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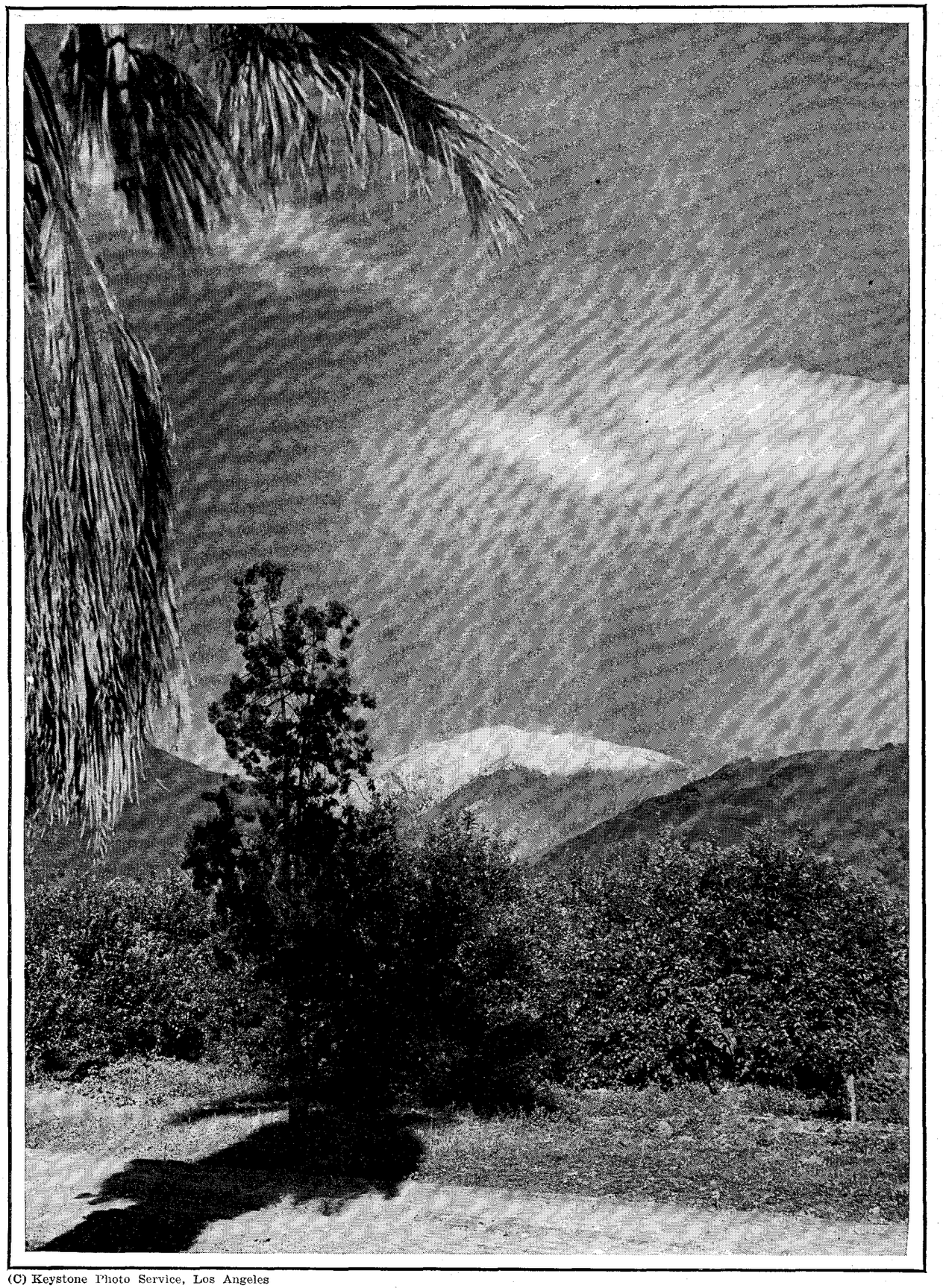

(C) Keystone Photo Service, Los Angeles

Tropical vegetation and snow-capped peaks qualify the monotony of the climate in southern California. San Bernardino peaks are shown in a palm-fringed vista

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coasts of Algeria. Why move around the world, say the moving-picture magnates, when you have the whole world right here in one place and *all the year round*. This is surely an important consideration, and partly accounts for the foundation here of the motion-picture capital of the world. Over eighty per cent of all the motion pictures made in the United States are produced in this locality and directed either in or from the 58 studios and by the 250 companies which *are* Hollywood. For the facsimiles of life it would be hard, if not impossible, to find any location more convenient than Los Angeles. *"Every* producer of motion pictures *will* eventually locate in Los Angeles," say the Angelenos one and all in their own language.

For the rest of life, that is not fake or facsimile, it is almost as convenient. Even without "registering" anything "you may here," if you are so disposed, "swim in the surf, loll for a time in a bathing-suit on a warm sandy beach, lunch underneath some shady palm, view a desert while the perspiration starts from every pore at the command of a fiery sun, and throw snowballs or toboggan on a mountain-top *all in one day.*" (The italics are not ours, but those of the All Year Club of Los Angeles.)

Aside from these obvious and compelling advantages of climate and convenience a picturesque and eloquent literature explains innumerable others which are less obvious. Left to yourself, you would not know that this was an open shop for labor, that electric power was cheaper and more abundant here than elsewhere, that natural gas abounded to burn, that more than enough crystal water had been provided for the two million mark of population, that no such thing as a tenement-house exists in southern California, and no lot is sold to a homing tenant less than 150 by 50 feet in dimension. Left to yourself, you could not know the magic of the city's growth. Less than five years ago it had a population of 576,673. Now its people are conservatively estimated at one hundred thousand over a million. Coming up from behind on the wings of the morning, it has forged past San Francisco and Seattle to become, by many hundreds of thousands, the largest city on the Pacific coast and the fifth in population in the entire United States.

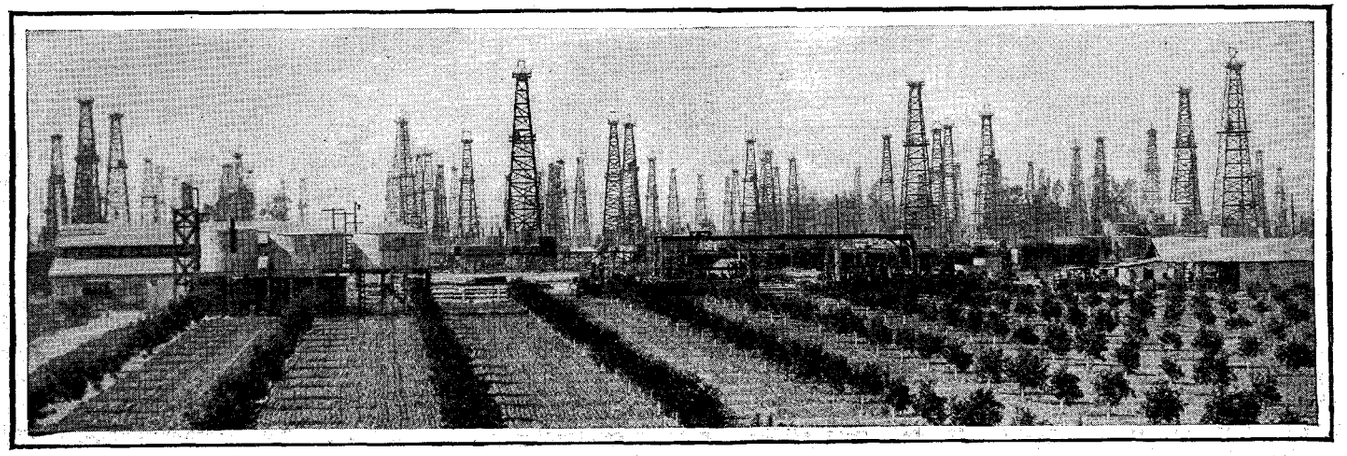
But left to yourself, what would you see with candid eyes and sense with perceptions unjaded by statistics? You would see an ugly city in a setting of rare beauty—the same kind of city that a hundred other American municipalities represent North and South and East and West—plus palm trees and roses all the year round. Impelled by the same forces that drive you and the other human atoms along the streets of Chicago, you would encounter the same appalling congestion that blocks your every effort to get anywhere in New York. You would find flat suburban areas of dull sameness merging into sporadic oil fields of derricks clustered so thick as to resemble fire-devastated forests and districted with strident real estate "developments" which had taken advantage of every vacant space to urge their claims. The statement that Los Angeles imports more lumber than any other port must be true, judging by the miles and miles, the acres upon acres, of billboards and advertising frameworks which line all the highways, climb the hills, blot the beauty of valley and stream, and profane the sky. The insistence of an apparently universal and colossal and interminable effort to sell something is one of the most impressive features of the city and the county of Los Angeles. The entire community appears in all its various "developments" to be, in its own language, absorbed in "selling the world on itself."

Los Angeles needs no boost. Any outside voice would never be heard in the inside clamor. It has already boosted itself into a momentum too great to heed the cheers of the bystanders. On the other hand, no community so devoted, so dedicated to its own future, deserves a knock. It would not feel a knock. It has convinced itself and it continues to convince the migratory thousands who annually swell its census figures. The largest Chamber of Commerce in the world, with a membership of over 12,000 and occupying the largest and most complete building of its commercial kind in the country, has done much to shape the past of the community, direct the various phases of its development, and determine its future.

In its general industrial report this organization publishes an exceptionally clear and plausible presentation of the case for Los Angeles, a case which apparently admits of no argument. Reading it, marking it, learning it, and inwardly attempting to digest it, there seems to be no good reason left for the manufacturer, the shipping man, the employer of labor, the laborer himself, or the happiness seeker to remain wherever else he may be making the best of secondary conditions. To rehearse these findings or to reiterate these statements, reinforced as they are by figures and emphasized by well-drawn graphs, would not make very welcome reading outside of the county borders. It might tend to discourage the immediate neighbors, depress dwellers in the Middle West, or prematurely deflate the Florida balloon. Either the rest of this United States of America must incontinently pull up stakes and trek to southern California or else reconcile themselves to exile.

Size—concentration, congestion, "development" instead of growth; quantity production, quantity distribution, standardization of things and thoughts. More, more, more—but whither? And why?

"It is a small college," said Daniel Webster of a snow and hardship beleaguered New England community, "but there are those who love it."



The fruit crop of southern California has been subordinated to the wealth of oil discovered deeper down in its fruitful soil

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Our Merchant Aviation

By Laurence La Tourette Driggs

America wonders why commercial aviation is still a thing of the future. One of the foremost students of aviation graphically explains why capital and business enterprises have fought shy of the air routes

THE anomalous position in which American aviation finds itself five years after the war is as puzzling to our own people as it is incredible to our foreign competitors, whose best machines are beaten by us in every contest. We have won practically all the world records for performances of aircraft, yet we have made no progress in adapting this "swiftest mode of travel ever known" to the transportation of passengers and merchandise.

An individual American gave the world this means of travel; other individual Americans have perfected the several types of aircraft until our machines fly faster, climb higher, carry heavier loads than any other nation's machines. Our unique and recent possession of helium gas makes our lighter-than-air craft decidedly safer than other nations' dirigibles. Helium will not burn nor explode. Yet with all these brilliant advantages the United States as a nation has neglected the development of air travel as an aid to our commerce, has ignored the economic advantages of building up a merchant aviation for our National defense, has failed to profit by the example set by the other Great Powers of the world.

In brief, our Government has not made our air common property. Commercial aviation will continue moribund until our air is declared a navigable stream.

A FEW months after the close of the World War—the war in which airplanes first made an appearance—the president of one of our greatest express companies came forward with an interesting proposal.

"I believe we can turn the war airplanes to an immediate practical use," he began. "To start this movement my company will guarantee one dollar a pound for packages carried by airplane from New York to Chicago. Get your manufacturers together and form a company. We will supply you with all the merchandise you can carry. It will be light in weight, but valuable. It is our opinion that a vast amount of such commodities will be disclosed as soon as your airplane service proves to be reliable.

"The express companies fought the Parcels Post," he went on in elaborating his idea, "but we soon found we were wrong. It helped us. It gave the public the idea of sending packages. Our business increased in spite of the cheaper service of the Government Parcels Post. So now we believe an immense reservoir of parcels lies waiting to be tapped by this more expensive but swifter airplane service. Bank paper in New York drawn on Chicago will save one day's interest if it can leave New York after the banks close at four o'clock and be presented at the Chicago banks before nine o'clock the following morning. Expensive jewels, drugs, furs, gifts, seeds, machine parts needed instantly—unsuspected commodities will clamor for the quickest delivery possible. The express companies will aid their patrons by helping to provide such a service. I will guarantee a paying service."

"There must be a catch in this somewhere," I challenged him. "What do the organizers of this merchant aviation have to guarantee?"

"You must insure us against loss in transit and must guarantee your schedule of departures and arrivals," he retorted, blandly. "If one of your airplanes falls into the Hudson River, you must have another machine there on the spot ready to transfer the cargo and carry it on to Chicago on schedule time."

Fair enough, this business proposal made five years ago! What still prevents its carrying out? What must be done to insure an airplane cargo and to secure its *safe* transportation between our American cities?

The reason one can travel safely from New York to Chicago by rail in twenty hours is that some one has spent a vast amount of thought and labor upon laying the rails between these two places, improving the roadbed, boring tunnels through obstructing hills, building stations and semaphore towers at suitable intervals with trained men at the semaphore controls and telegraph keys. This preliminary preparation insures a constant watch upon the speeding trains. Sometimes, despite all this organized watchfulness and preparation, an accident occurs. Even then another train appears quickly on the spot to "carry out the schedule." The expenditure of vast capital and the sympathetic interest of the Government has made it possible for the anxious traveler to reach Chicago in twenty hours.

The hurried traveler can reach Chicago in five hours by airplane when a small part of this capital and Governmental sympathy is expended on air travel preparation.

On the coast and along our navigable streams the Government erects lighthouses and markings. The channels are kept clear at public expense. Wharfs and docks are maintained as landing-places for the ships of the sea.

SHIPS of the air cannot undertake a safe and regular transportation between our cities until similar essential conveniences and safeguards are provided. First of all, the Government must control the navigation of the air as it now controls the navigation of our waters. It must supervise the licensing of air pilots, incidentally attaching these air pilots to the military reserve for National defense. It must inspect all aircraft for airworthiness. It must lay down and enforce "rules of the air" to safeguard travel. It must establish air lighthouses along air routes with emergency landing-fields at suitable intervals. It must enact laws fixing the liability for negligence in the air, criminal torts in air regardless of the particular State over which the tort is committed. It must protect itself against the steadily growing evil of smuggling by airplane across our borders. In other words, the Federal Government must control our National air service.

Up to the present time no Government interest has been awakened. *No capital will be invested in commercial aviation until the Government acts.*

As a matter of fact, the law of this country now presumes that the owner of land owns likewise the air above his land. If your neighbor stretches a telephone wire across your land, you can compel him to remove it. If a hunter shoots over your fence across your land, his bullets constitute a trespass against your rights. A farmer in Vermont plowing with a frisky team deep within his own acres, where he had a perfect right to plow with frisky horses, brought suit

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against an aviator who flew overhead, frightening the horses and causing them to rear back and injure themselves against the sharp edge of the plow. The farmer recovered damages in the Vermont courts.

The Vermont court would have dismissed the action if the aviator had been in a motor boat pop-pop-popping his way up a navigable stream through this farmer's pasture, unconsciously frightening the horses. But the stream of air above our heads is not yet considered navigable by the laws of the United States. The United States air is still private property, notwithstanding the constant trespasses committed by every radio broadcasting station in the land.

The aviator's perplexities are worse confounded when he discovers that, while our Federal Government is silent upon this subject, so important to the launching of our commercial aviation, the Legislatures of our forty-eight States are not so backward.

MANY State Legislatures have adopted laws governing the passing of aircraft through their sovereign air and over their sovereign territory. Pilots must be licensed within that State. Toilets must be provided upon their aircraft along certain specified lines. Monkey-wrenches must not be dropped overboard, nor other casual articles which perchance might damage pedestrians below. And, finally, all craft of the air must land before crossing the borders of one of our Southern States, to be inspected and licensed at a fairly fat fee before flying over its fair surface.

Truly, must each law-abiding aviator be also a Philadelphia lawyer if he undertakes to-day a cross-country flight.

Federal laws, then, should clearly establish the inter-State character of our commercial aviation before we become lost in a maze of local regulations. Under the Treaty of Versailles and the International Convention of 1919, the European Powers not only recognized this principle in their individual nations, but adopted it as applied to international flying. Aviation knows no boundaries once it gets aloft. National borders are crossed as blithely as are those of county or State. That an aircraft of a foreign nation flying over the border may be identified it is required to display its identification marks to the observant customs-house representatives on watch below. Each machine is marked by letters, three feet long, painted above and below the wings and along the sides of the fuselage. The first letter indicates the native country of the aircraft. Thus the letter F discloses to the observer below that the machine flying overhead is French. Three additional letters follow. F-M-L-O, for instance, tells the whole story. The observer turns to the list of French aircraft registered in his book. He runs his finger down the list until he finds the individual license for the owner and pilot of machine M-L-O. He enters the exact time and date, direction of flight, and other data in his log-book, and the fast-disappearing machine overhead has satisfied all international requirements.

The United States of America was not a signatory of the Treaty of Versailles. We have not bound ourselves to adopt this facile method of welcoming foreign aircraft, nor of thus marking our own for identification. But, in spite of this aloofness, we were assigned the letter N as our national identification mark for aircraft. Great Britain has the letter G, Holland uses the letter H, etc. The combination of the three succeeding letters affords a large number of individual identification marks—sufficient, no doubt, to satisfy the demand for years to come.

In the absence of this precaution, we invite the unrestricted use of unidentified aircraft for smuggling contraband articles across our borders, a practice that has undoubtedly grown to considerable proportions since the war. With the ability to rise from any field in Canada or Mexico loaded down with a valuable cargo of narcotics, to fly over our borders at any point desired, to land at a prearranged spot on this side, there to dispose of his supplies in perfect safety from apprehension, the air smuggler has come to be a desperate problem for our police. Paying duties at the Customs House has little attraction for the dishonest man when this "open route" beckons him. Our laws against smuggling will become a farce unless this popular means of evading them is checked.

THE Air Mail under the paternal eye of Postmaster-General New, himself a firm believer in American aviation, has shown the world what can be done even with wholly inadequate preparations for safety first. Mail now reaches San Francisco from New York in thirty hours, instead of five days. This service has been operated even through entire wintry months with an exactness of scheduled departures and arrivals superior to that of any railroads in competition with it. During one stormy month of January the Air Mail reached Chicago from New York without one failure in its entire schedule, while but twenty per cent of the trains of one of our greatest railroads arrived at Chicago on time during that month.

Now another important stride has been taken to increase the efficiency of the Air Mail. Lighted night-flying airways are established from New York to Denver to accelerate the delivery of the daily mail from coast to coast, to lessen the hazards of flying. Emergency landing-fields are available every twenty-five miles along this route.

However, twenty-five-miles-apart lighted fields are better than none at all, and there can be no reliable commercial service without these night-flying facilities. Thus the Post Office Department has accomplished the most important step since the war toward establishing commercial aviation in the United States.

AN understanding of this subject is incomplete without a knowledge of the important bearing of commercial aviation upon our National defense. In time of peace there is little public interest in preparations for the possible future defense of the realm. But upon those officials responsible for this preparation against disaster there weighs a very alarming peril in this matter of our National aviation. It is the question as to whether our aircraft factories will survive. Aircraft factories cannot be constructed overnight. If war should suddenly burst upon us, it is quite essential that this Nation should possess aircraft factories that are going concerns. At present they are kept from bankruptcy only by the inconsiderable orders from the War Department and Navy Department. A healthy commercial demand for aircraft would remove this load of responsibility from the Government, and in addition would provide a growing air fleet that could be drawn into the defense of the Nation in time of necessity.

For it is upon aircraft that the inviolability of any nation must henceforth depend. No hostile fleet can reach our shores against an adequate defense by aircraft. There is no sure defense against aircraft but aircraft. This statement was published in The Outlook before we entered the Great War. It was ridiculed and attacked with much bitterness by some of our ablest veterans of the artillery, who believed that planes, like birds, could be shot down; but the fact remains soundly established to-day that no array of land guns can stop *all* the attacking planes—the experienced war pilot will not admit it can stop one! But even one airplane winning through can wreak a fat revenge.

Commercial aviation, a merchant air service, will add greatly to the convenience and to the prosperity of our peo-

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Howard Watches are made in various sizes and range in price from $60 to $200. Call on a Howard jeweler in your vicinity—he is a good man to know.

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

A Dramatic Inventory

Reviews by MONTROSE J. MOSES

IT is a hopeful note that Mr. Dickinson sounds throughout his new book on the "Playwrights of the New American Theatre."[1] The use of the word "new" is significant, because it emphasizes the fact that the playhouse has been changing during the last quarter of a century, and that the playwrights have been alive to the channels of free expression offered them—channels which were closed in the days when Clyde Fitch and Augustus Thomas were of the younger generation and under the firm grip of Charles Frohman.

Determined to evaluate the American contribution to this new theater, Mr. Dickinson is almost painstaking in his endeavor to divorce the American experiment from any influence outside its own soil. He does not seem to be hampered by any necessity on his part to show that the present activity among playwrights in this country is attached to any previous endeavor among the playwrights of England and the Continent. In fact, both in this book and in the anthology which he has recently edited with Professor Jack Crawford it is apparent that he believes that America has far exceeded England in its sympathy toward the "new" forces and the "new" forms of modern dramaturgy. There was a time when we recognized not alone the novelty but the vitality of the Galsworthy school; when we longed for some impetus which would give us a body of plays similar in their realistic vividness to the Manchester school of dramatists; when we wondered, after seeing the ephemeral social doctrines of Charles Klein, if there would ever come a day when there would grow up in this country a body of social doctrine as productive of art expression as the Fabian Socialism, which gave us Shaw, Wells, Hilaire Belloc, and even Chesterton. Nowhere in Mr. Dickinson's survey of the new American dramatists can one discover that maybe we learned a thing or two from the Manchester school, or the Birmingham experiment, or the provocative wit of Shaw. Our sense of locality, he believes, was something we found for ourselves, and our Lulu Vollmers, our North Carolina playwrights, our ironies, came from sources near at home.

It is true, surveying the drama of the past twenty-five years, that something has fallen upon the American theater. The old methods no longer satisfy us. Were we made discontent by the thralldom through which we were made to pass by the Theater Trust? Or were we not a little bit disconcerted by the glowing enthusiasm of the art travelers abroad, who returned home with their palettes trembling with brilliant color, eager to break through the stale playhouse and let in the air of a free world outside? I cannot believe that we suddenly left off writing the "well-made" play (which, by the way, turned many of our dramatists into excellent craftsmen) and began writing "Processionals" and "Adding Machines" without some consciousness of an experiment that was not our personal initiative, but rather came to us because we were alive to all that was taking place elsewhere in the theaters of the world. We cannot discount the immense importance during the past quarter of a century of the printed play in this country, the immense feeling of revulsion created in us by a theater policy which counted amusement as a box-office concern rather than a matter for the spirit.

Our contribution to the revolution that has been going on in the theater at large was one of spreading the gospel. Theater circuits being closed and the country starving for proper entertainment, Little Theaters sprang up through the broad land. These theaters, not content with the weak dramas which were at their disposal, began looking abroad for what they needed. The impetus Dunsany gave to the one-act play, that Synge and Yeats offered, was of vast significance. We cannot be said to have created out of nothing the one-act play. But we can claim that, by and large, our total product shows that we did much to advance the form. In our literature we had excelled in the short story; it seems that in our dramaturgy we are showing a similar adeptness for the short form.

Dickinson and Crawford, among the sixteen plays selected for their anthology,[2] chose to include Miss Sowerby's "Rutherford and Son," Miss Baker's "Chains," and Stanley Houghton's "Hindle Wakes." These plays were written between 1909 and 1912. Most of the important phases of the dramatic movement in America came after that. Mr. Dickinson is perfectly correct in giving due credit to the pioneer efforts of Percy MacKaye, who lit a torch of experiment in the dark days of our "commercial theaters," and preached the gospel of the true playhouse. He is also just in placing Eugene O'Neill at the high point of accomplishment. But between these two names his inventory of "Playwrights of the New American Theater," while sincerely marshaled, appears to have much misplaced enthusiasm, and his judgment is hid beneath a determination to overpraise, to encourage by flattery.

It is difficult for a contemporary to say to the majority of these writers in the theater (men and women who are bringing to the stage a real sincerity) that what they need is conviction—a desire to be moved by something greater than the desire to write for the theater and be a success. In his day Mr. Dickinson must have seen much similar enthusiasm in others refuted by the progress of time. Is Moody's "The Great Divide" as wonderful as it seemed to the handful of boosters who hailed it once as *the* American drama? There is almost a tone of finality in Mr. Dickinson's statements. It is true, for instance, that in Rachel Crothers's "Expressing Willie" "the underlying conception is one of depth and beauty." But the important thing is, Did Miss Crothers realize this depth and beauty? The quality of genius which Mr. Dickinson recognizes in such playwrights as Zona

[1] Playwrights of the New American Theatre. By Thomas H. Dickinson. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

[2] Contemporary Plays. Selected and Edited by Thomas H. Dickinson and Jack R. Crawford. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $4.50.

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Gale, Laurence Langner, and others confuses one a little as to the terms he uses. In fact, he is prone on almost every page to define loosely, so as to fit his slim case. And herein it would seem that this book, which might—with the skill and knowledge possessed by its author—have been a permanent contribution, is rather an elongated contemporaneous magazine series put into book form.

The text is packed with food for argument; in that it is healthy and provocative. One must not argue that a man should not write a book he wants to write; one must accept it as it is, and recognize its points. The playwrights discussed in this treatise have all come to the force since 1900. Some have written one play and disappeared from the dramatic horizon; others have experimented in many forms, and have been definitely identified with none of them. We have looked in vain for Langdon Mitchell to follow along with something as splendid as "The New York Idea." We wonder how it is that Owen Davis, having tasted of true matter in "The Detour" and "Icebound," should content himself with the flimsy stuff he still feels confident the theater wants, rather than write a play which is a commentary on life, which adds idea to technique. We wonder how far Jesse Lynch Williams is wedded to the theater, and how far he now and again throws off excellent imitations of Shaw. There do not seem to be many in the recent group as passionately fond of the theater as Clyde Fitch was, for instance; none with that pride in a native dramaturgy which Bronson Howard possessed (however moth-eaten his plays now are) and which prompted him to found the American Dramatists' Club. It would be unfair to Mr. Dickinson if we did not emphasize that his inventory primarily aims to show the healthy incipiency of the "new" American theater. Yet he throws plays into their compartments as easily as a train clerk sorts the mail and stamps them with his own postage. That is dangerous for a contemporary writer to do.

It is with some reticence that I mention my own recent anthology.[3] I am hoping that in these pages it will be given its chance in some other hands to run for its life. But in the collection[4] I have endeavored, just as Dickinson and Crawford aimed to do in their "Contemporary Plays," to show what has befallen the theater; they have selected plays of England and America, following the scheme of Dickinson's earlier anthologies. I have confined myself to this country between the years 1894 and 1924. One has only to read "The Witching Hour" and "The Adding Machine" to note that a vast change has occurred inwardly in the drama; one has only to measure the atmosphere of Belasco's "The Girl of the Golden West" and Hatcher Hughes's "Hell-Bent fer Heaven" or MacKaye's "This Fine-Pretty World" to note that a new feeling for environment has occurred. But I am sure that both Dickinson and Crawford would agree with me that, no matter what changes and experiments in technique there may be, Miss Sowerby's "Rutherford and Son" and Davies's "The Mollusc" will always remain excellent examples of *genre* work and character comedy. That is why, I am confident, they accepted them for inclusion in their "Contemporary Plays."

[3] Mr. Moses was requested by the editor of the Book Table to include his own collection in this article.—EDITOR.

[4] Representative American Dramas: National and Local. Edited by Montrose J. Moses. Little, Brown, & Co., Boston. $4.50.

Fiction

CONFIDENT MORNING. By Arthur Stanwood Pier. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

Although Mr. Arthur Stanwood Pier's novel "Confident Morning" deals with the not always popular theme of small-town ecclesiasticism, he has contrived to tell a story likely to interest any intelligent reader and to create a character deserving of a more than temporary vogue in American fiction. Dr. Kendall is rector of the fashionable St. Paul's Church in a town that might be Detroit or Minneapolis. A man of imposing presence, gracious manners, and no small ability as a preacher, he lives in an atmosphere of churchly dignity and decorum that gives him promise of eventually succeeding to the lawn sleeves of his superior. At heart he is as much of a snob as Mr. Collins in "Pride and Prejudice" and as complete a humbug as Mr. Honeymoon in "The Newcomes." That he is entirely lacking in the qualities ascribed by Mrs. Humphry Ward to Robert Elsmere goes without saying.

It is interesting to note that, while this thoroughly worldly man fools the greater part of his congregation and many of the leading citizens of the town into a belief in his sanctity, his wife and children are fully alive to the shallowness of his pretensions and the personal ambition that enters so largely into his conduct of the parish. Dr. Kendall has two daughters, Adelaide and Laura, and a son, Roger. The book opens with the return of the last from the Great War, accompanied by his regimental chaplain, Mr. Hoyt, a sincere and thoroughly spiritual man. Later there devolves

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upon this clergyman the unpleasant duty of informing the young widow of a soldier, whom she believes to have been killed in action, that her husband was really shot in a duel over a woman. This is the most striking passage in the story, and one that inspires very thoughtful consideration, the clergyman maintaining that it is wrong to lie even in the cause of mercy, and that it is far better to destroy an illusion at once than to postpone by mendacity the inevitable revelation. It may be added that subsequent events in the narrative justify Mr. Hoyt's attitude. The love affairs of Roger and his sisters and the contest for the bishopric, in which the two clergymen named are the rival candidates, add materially to the interest of Mr. Pier's excellent story.

THE POLYGLOTS: A NOVEL. By William Gerhardi. Duffield & Co., New York. $2.50.

The somewhat mysterious William Gerhardi, whose "Futility" was received with deserved acclaim two years ago, has written a much longer novel cut from exactly the same material, and just as amusing. He excels in the creation of large, mad cosmopolitan families; the greatness of the Russian soul, as he depicts it, is tinged with an interesting lunacy. Uncle Lucy was only going to the logical extreme when he finally killed himself in a fashion which his own sister could not recall without a chuckle. A sophisticated, ironic, and gayly amorous book.

Travel

BEN KENDIM: A Record of Eastern Travel. By Aubrey Herbert. (Second Edition.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $4.50.

Aubrey Herbert, who died in 1923 at the age of forty-three, was a tremendous swell, without the slightest taint of snobbishness; a "very perfect knight," fearless, generous, of complete integrity, winning without effort the confidence of all descriptions of men; a born traveler; a statesman of promise; a diplomatist; surpassed by few in his knowledge of Balkan and Near East matters, especially those of Albania and Turkey; a fine soldier (wounded in the Mons retreat, fighting later at the Dardanelles and in Mesopotamia); and the possessor of no mean literary talent.

This book was dictated to friends of the hero from his deathbed; in the light of which fact its buoyancy and sunny humor are most wonderful. It is a record of personal experience and travel in the Balkans and the Near and Middle East; "sometimes a photograph of events, at others a painting of memories through mists." It includes descriptive passages of extraordinary beauty; there are very few travel sketches in literature

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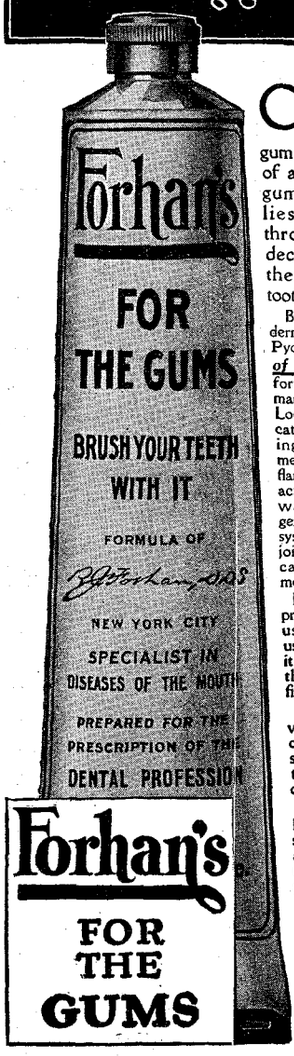

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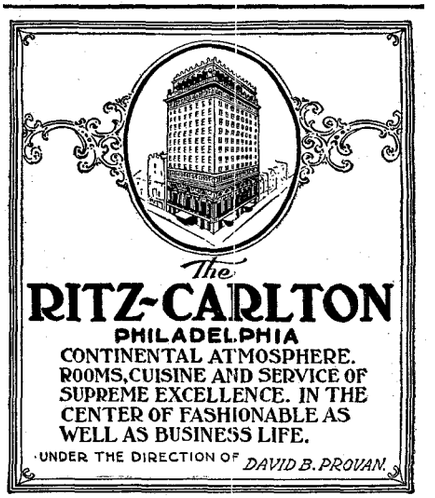

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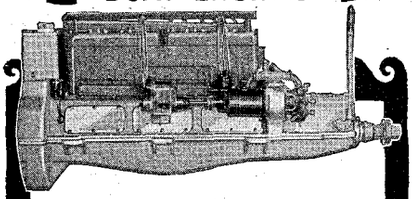

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comparable in charm to the account of "A Ride from Montenegro to Uskub."

Moreover, a remarkable gift of portraiture is here in evidence. The portrait of Riza, Herbert's Albanian servant, deserves immortality. There breathes from the entire book a puissant and delightful personality. Aubrey Herbert is of the noble company of "inheritors of unfulfilled renown."

"Ben Kendim" is a *nom de plume,* being Turkish for "I myself."

Biography

THE LIFE OF THOMAS HARDY. By Ernest Brennecke, Jr. Greenberg, New York. $5.

The author, a teacher at Columbia and author of other works upon the subject, has written, with Mr. Hardy's knowledge and assistance, an extensive critique and biography of the greatest living English novelist. Some objections have been raised in England by Mr. Hardy's publishers there, but the author's answer, as printed in the newspapers, appears satisfactory. He makes no claim that his book does not justify; the jacket blurb is perhaps too sweeping, as blurbs usually are. Some advertising men cannot resist the call of the blood of Barnum.

There is little to say, and not much known, about the external life of the author of "Tess." It is told here, but more space is devoted to the novels and poems. This is an able work, well presented by author. publisher and printer.

Notes on New Books

THE GLIMERICK BOOK. By Shaemas J. A. Witherspoon. The Glimerick Publishing Company, New York. $1.25.

Limericks with missing rhyme words to be supplied by the reader for his own amusement. Does not put too great a strain upon the intellect, nor is it apt to cause any fatalities from mirth.

LIFE OF SRI RAMAKRISHNA. Compiled from various authentic sources. Published by Swami Madhavanada. The Sri Gauranga Press, Calcutta. 6/8 rupees.

The Mahatma Gandhi commends this work and refers to Ramakrishna as "a living embodiment of godliness."

UKRAINIAN FOLK SONGS. By Humphrey T. Kowalsky. The Stratford Company, Boston. $1.

A historical treatise.

PIANO MUSIC. By Clarence G. Hamilton. The Oliver Ditson Company, Boston. $2.

A brief study of the composers and characteristics of piano music by the Professor of Music in Wellesley College.

ANIMALS LOOKING INTO THE FUTURE. By William Allison Kepner. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.80.

A biological study by the Professor of Biology in the University of Virginia.

AN ADVENTURE IN EVANGELISM. By Daniel A. Poling. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.50.

Sermons by one of the ministers of the Marble Collegiate Church of New York.

AMERICANITIS. By William S. Sadler. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

A surgeon writes about blood pressure and nerves.

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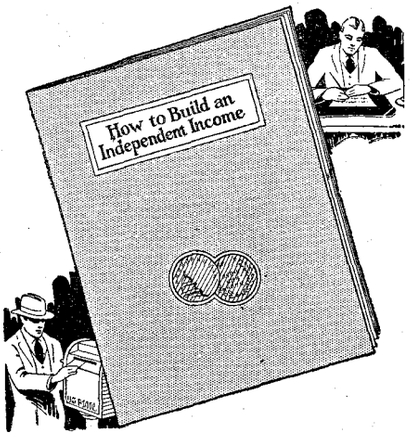

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SHEPHERD'S HEY (Grainger); **PASSEPIED**, from "Le Roi s'Amuse" (Delibes). Played by Ossip Gabrilowitsch. Victor.

Very rarely does the phonograph do full justice to the piano—or anything like justice. There is something in the character of the piano tone which is as hard to "get by" the recording devices as undeclared diamonds are to bring through the customs. This record is an exception. Although it by no means approaches the perfection characteristic of violin reproductions, it has a fullness of tone and a breadth which portrays the piano as something quite distinct from the old-fashioned harpsichord. Crashing chords really sound pianistic. All this makes it possible to appreciate more keenly Gabrilowitsch's performance of these two numbers based on old dances. It is unusually fine.

The "Shepherd's Hey" is a Percy Grainger setting of old English music. It seems an endless repetition; and yet, far from being monotonous, it carries the hearer along with constant new delights. The "Passepied," reviewed before in this column as a piano roll, reflects the early seventeenth-century style and has in addition a wistful charm all its own. The two compositions are quite different and afford excellent contrast.

TOD UND VERKLÄRUNG (Strauss). Played by symphony orchestra conducted by Albert Coates. In four parts, on two records. Victor.

Strongly climactic and emotional. Strauss shows himself the essence of Wagner carried one step further. In "Death and Transfiguration" he occasionally gives himself over to bombast; but there are places where he reaches nobility and his themes seem to be soaring high in the heavens. The music is essentially "programme music." But good programme music is also good music-for-its-own-sake. Strauss certainly knows how to handle the orchestra. He makes effective use of the strings, and keeps them fairly constantly in the foreground. The instruments are reproduced clearly and faithfully. We remember especially the solo violin.

TILL EULENSPIEGELS LUSTIGE STREICHE (Strauss). Played by symphony orchestra conducted by Albert Coates. In four parts, on two records. Victor.

Another symphonic poem of Richard Strauss, another recording by Albert Coates. Mr. Coates is conducting an orchestra of nameless obscurity, but it is nothing to be ashamed of. His readings are intelligent and his musicians are responsive. In the several selections we are listing here the orchestra records well, with a good balance of tone. The merry pranks of "Till Eulenspiegel" inspire the composer to drollery. There are tripping figures for flute, clarinet, and violin. Throughout it is a colorful array of music, but of a lighter and more episodical nature than "Tod und Verklärung."

LE COQ D'OR—Suite (Rimsky-Korsakoff). Played by symphony orchestra conducted by Albert Coates. In six parts, on three records. Victor.

Languorous strings; sensuous appeal of melody and harmony; filigrees of tone color. Such phrases tell most of the story of this suite, based on the Russian composer's fairy-tale opera. Its chief delights are in its orchestral effects: rich combinations of sound and high passages for violin and flute. When Rimsky-Korsakoff does not compel our admiration with some thrilling orchestral touch or Oriental melody, he leaves us a trifle bored, for his development is a little slow of motion. But that does not happen often.

SIEGFRIED IDYL (Wagner). Played by symphony orchestra conducted by Albert Coates. In four parts, on two records. Victor.

Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl" is not part of the opera, but a separate composition, although the themes are principally those of the opera "Siegfried." Its key-theme is almost like a *berceuse*. In fact, the whole tone of the composition is restful, with violins predominating. If it is a little lacking in sustained interest, still the fact that he has woven such an effective composition around such limited material and such a passivity of mood is a tribute to Wagner's creative powers.

FRA DIAVOLO—Overture (Auber). Played by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Alfred Hertz. Victor.

DERNIER SOMMEIL DE LA VIERGE (Massenet); **COPPÉLIA BALLET**—Prelude and Mazurka (Delibes). Played by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Henri Verbrugghen. Brunswick.

Two records of light orchestral music. "Fra Diavolo" would be admirably suited for the concert repertory of a modist military band. Hertz conducts it faultlessly—with no trace of subtlety. Delibes's ballet music is in somewhat the same style; the orchestra is reproduced forcefully but with a decided lack of string tone. In the Massenet this lack is made up by the ever-present violins, which record well even if they do seem to lack a delicacy of shading.

LEGEND OF THE CANYON (Cadman); **CAPRICE ANTIQUE** (Balogh-Kreisler). Played by Fritz Kreisler. Victor.

It is a pity Kreisler confines himself

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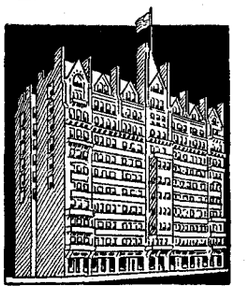

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so much to the trivial. There must be dozens of pieces of far greater musical merit than the ones he selects which are at the same time just as well suited for effective violin playing. Neither of these pieces are worthy of Kreisler, but withal we are partial to hearing him play.

Piano Rolls

ÉTUDES SYMPHONIQUES (Schumann). Played by Mischa Levitzki. Ampico.

To compare this performance with the Duo-Art recording of the "Symphonic Studies" as played by Percy Grainger, issued last March and April, would be very difficult. It will not be attempted in this column. And there is no reason why it should be; for each make of roll must be played on its own particular make of reproducing piano—the rolls are not interchangeable, as are phonograph records. So no one will be able to sit down at his piano and judge the two interpretations side by side. (This makes an excellent opening for a discussion on the drawback of having reproducing-piano rolls playable on only one type of piano, but we shall refrain at present.)

Schumann's studies are as varied as a series of portraits or character sketches. Like a collection of Sargents, each has a distinct personality, yet each has as strongly the personality and style of the composer. Whenever we are completely won over to the virility of one study, a fantastic whimsicality in the next upsets our notions. Levitzki is as versatile in interpretation as Schumann was in conception. The No. 12, or *finale,* is a whole symphonic movement in itself.

IMPROMPTU AND ROMANZA (Zez Confrey). Played by David Pesetzky. Duo-Art.

LOVE SONG, Op. 40 (Cadman). Played by Charles Wakefield Cadman. Duo-Art.

Zez Confrey has been known to devotees of jazz as the Chopin of jazz music. In a number of piano compositions, the most famous but not necessarily the best of which was "Kitten on the Keys," he injected into the popular art a true pianistic style. His work was notable, lapsing only occasionally into the commonplace. And he is now trying his hand at non-jazz music. In the "Impromptu and Romanza" there is interesting musical material and a delicate treatment of the piano, quite in keeping with the forms used. On another roll Charles Wakefield Cadman, considered to have a respectable place among contemporary composers, plays a love song of his own. After searching around for the right descriptive phrase for this latter piece, we can think of nothing which sums it up better than the word "tosh."

RONDO (Rameau); **GIGUE** (Desmarets). Played by Lewis Richards. Duo-Art.

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He raised thunder.

From London "Opinion:"

He (impulsively)—Darling, I love you!

She—Good gracious! Why, we've only just become acquainted!

He—Yes, I know, but I'm only down here for a few days.

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From the "Leatherneck:"

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"Oi knew it. Oi saw ye spit on your hands before ye picked it up."

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